

### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Bokhara: its Amir and its People.* Translated from the Russian of Khanikoff. By the Baron Clement A. de Bode. 8vo, pp. 316. London, Madden and Co.

HAD the events, so disgraceful and so humiliating to Great Britain, which have lately rendered the name of Bokhara and its Amir infamous to all Englishmen, occurred in a maritime kingdom, we should have had long ago an authorised mission to inquire into the circumstances which accompanied those sad and calamitous proceedings. But Bokhara was safe, in its isolation and its surrounding girt of wilderness and mountain, from all intrusion; and it was felt that to send a mission where a physical demonstration of power was not possible, might, by its reception, rather have rendered things worse than have proved in any way satisfactory or efficacious; besides, two of the victims of this savage barbarian were only semi-diplomatically employed—that is to say, had they succeeded, they would have been, like Burnes and many others, recognised and extolled; but if they failed, no one knew officially any thing about them. Hence Lord Ellenborough wrote to the bloodthirsty Amir concerning two innocent travellers who had got astray; but if not owned at the Foreign-office, and if discarded by the supreme government of India, were they not British officers? And if Bokhara was unapproachable from the Indus, was it so from the west? What are the resources of this tyrant, before whom the British lion crouches, and dares not even growl? What the extent of his territory, the population, the armies, the riches, and the alliances of a murderous potentate, who can set the laws of God and man at defiance, and cause the British and Indian governments to disavow its agents? To all these questions, of so much interest to any who have a spark of what Romans would have called patriotism within them, this work affords a very able and complete answer, and which, as written by a Russian, cannot be supposed to be a one-sided statement.

The authority of the present amir of Bokhara, Nasr Ullah by name, is supposed, then, to extend over a space of about 5600 geographical square miles. Khokand is said to have been lately reduced by the amir; but Balkh, Hissar, and Shehri Sebz, content themselves with offering voluntary presents, such only as equals give to equals. It is impossible, according to our author, to fix precisely the limits of a country—limits which are constantly varying—as the chieftains of the above-mentioned Khanats, and also of those of Khiva, Ankhowi, and Meimaneh, happen to be in the ascendancy.

"The importance of Bokhara"—we here quote from our Russian authority—"will diminish in our eyes still more when we learn that out of the 5600 square miles, only 500 or 600 miles are occupied by inhabitants in fixed abodes, while nine-tenths of its territory are either utterly unfit for occupation, or at least untenanted."

Bokhara is a country of sandy steppes, with

a clayey sandy soil, broken up by mountain-ranges, which are again separated by extensive sandy valleys. These valleys borrow their names from the wells found in them. They offer an asylum to the wandering tribes, who hardly escape starvation by continually changing their places of encampment. Such as approach the limits of the cultivated lands pay a certain tribute, and are in consequence held to be under the immediate control of the khans; others enjoy their freedom, and are only nominally subject.

The only country, then, that is really available to a sedentary population is the narrow strip of land which borders the Amu-Dariya, or valley of the Amu (Oxus), and its tributaries; the valley of the Zer Afshan, and that of the Abi-Shehri-Sebz; and nothing proves the weakness of the amir more than that the cultivated territory upon this latter river, which does not embrace more than forty square miles, is able to uphold its independence.

The population of Bokhara is formed of the most heterogeneous materials; but they have one tie to unite them, namely, the uniformity of religion. This is the great bond of communion, and which would have the most important influence in probably combining all the Khanats of Central Asia against any invading force. There is, however, a limit even to this power.

The aborigines are the Tajiks, of whom there is but a remnant left, which forms the chief population of Bokhara; in other towns there are none, or very few indeed. The most salient traits of their character are, avarice, falsehood, flattery, bragging, impudence, thieving, and faithlessness. They are cowards, and do not fight; and murder is unknown to them, not because of its heinous nature, but because they have not sufficient courage to commit it. So much for an abstract of M. Khanikoff's character of the Tajiks; and yet, from his name, one would think there ran some Tatar blood in his veins.

The number of *Arabs* is greater than that of the town-dwelling Tajiks. They are, as usual, a nomadic, pastoral people, inhabiting the northern parts of the Khanat, where the severity of the climate has made them change the tent for the kibitka. M. Khanikoff does not say much concerning their habits or character.

The *Uzbeks* are the preponderating race in Bokhara, not so much from their number as by the ties which bind them together. Khanikoff enumerates ninety-seven tribes of this race whose abodes are authentic, and five whose places of encampment are unknown, although within the Khanat. The chief tribe is the Manghit, out of one of the branches of which Tuk or Juk (p. 74 and 79), the reigning dynasty, proceeds.

The *Uzbeks* are middle-sized men, somewhat handsomer than the Moghuls, whom they approximate most to. The *Uzbeks*, like the *Arabs* in Arabia, are nomadic, sedentary, or agricultural; and agricultural and nomadic at the same time. They are more straightforward in their manners than the Tajiks, and prone to rapine, plunder, and murder. "Out of thirty or thirty-five culprits," says Khanikoff,

"who were executed by orders of the amir during our eight months' stay at Bokhara, the majority were *Uzbeks*." "But (he continues) although determined in the commission of such acts of violence, they are not prompted by any daring spirit; for they usually commit them at night, with numbers superior to those whom they attack, in order the better to escape the law, and not to run the risk of being worsted by the assailed party."

There are also a considerable number of *Persians* in Bokhara, especially Persian captives, who are brought thither in small parties. They are obliged outwardly to profess the Surim faith, though in their hearts they remain Shia, cordially hating, therefore, the Bokharians, and ready to hail with joy any political revolution which might shake the power of the *Uzbeks*. Notwithstanding all this, however, the amir and the great men of Bokhara imprudently trust themselves to the *Persians*. Thus, for instance, of the 500 regular troops of Bokhara, upwards of 450 are *Persians*, whose chief is likewise of the same nation. The importance of these facts in a political point of view are too obvious to require comment.

There are also *Jews*, sorely oppressed; and some wandering Kirghiz and Kara-Kalpalirs, or "black caps," who, in their poverty, substitute the fermented milk of camels for that of mares; but who are conciliated by the amir, who only taxes them what is prescribed by the Kur'an, two and a half per cent on their property.

The present amir of Bokhara, Nasr Ullah, who styles himself Bahadur Khan and Melik el Mumasin, usurped the throne from his elder brother Husein, whom he got rid of by poison. In 1840 he lured into his power, with the caresses of a serpent, the head of artillery Ayaz, and the chieftain Kush-beghi; who had not opposed his usurpation, but in dread of whose influence he put them to death. The feudality of Bokhara was then exterminated; the common people were beaten with sticks; and the sepahis, or old soldiery, were butchered, or forced to seek safety in flight.

The most influential man in Bokhara, next to the amir, is a Persian of extraordinary fortunes, now designated as the Naib-Samet. This man had fled to India, after a murder committed in Persia. In India he was sentenced to death, by the supreme court, for murdering his master, also a Persian refugee; but his hour had not come—he escaped from prison to Caubul, where, at a review of troops, he shot the well-known Akbar Khan, with the muzzle of the pistol clapped close to the body: the shot, however, did not prove mortal. He succeeded in a third escape, and got to Bokhara, where he was the first to introduce regular troops into the country, and where, from so villainous a career hitherto, no good can be finally expected—unless it is that his fierce passions, apparently often beyond his own control, may render him the instrument of avenge of poor Stoddart and Conolly.

The right of life and death is the inalienable prerogative of the amir. He disposes at his pleasure of the towns, villages, and population of the Khanat, being only limited by the Musliman canonical law. The maximum of troops

in the Khanat, according to Khanikoff, is forty thousand men, of which not more than one-third is completely armed, the rest consisting merely of the followers of the army. This reduces the number of actual-service men to scarcely fifteen thousand. The full equipment of the Bokhara troops consists of a helmet, a collar, a sabre or long knife, a matchlock supported on rests, Kurd fashion, and a shield; pistols are rarely used. Three thousand disciplined troops would evidently, on the open field, drive a force so armed before them.

The Khanat of Bokhara reckons nineteen towns, the features of which are, that each must possess a citadel and be enclosed, and it must have at least three mosques. Bokhara, the chief city, is surrounded by a mud wall, and has eleven gates. These walls (says Khanikoff) are perfectly useless as a means of defence, as not only bullets, but even common stones, directed against them, would suffice to make a breach. It is curious that the author notices the fact of his making his observations to fix the position of Bokhara astronomically with the assistance of Colonel Stoddart. The town has 360 streets and lanes. The palace of the amir, with the houses of the ministry, hierarchy, &c., and several mosques, stand on a mound apart.

Attached to this mound are also the Ab-Khaneh and Kana-Khaneh, the state-prisons; the latter dreadful name being derived from the swarms of ticks which infest the place, and are reared there on purpose to plague the suffering, wretched prisoners. *In the absence of such, some pounds of raw meat are thrown into the pit to keep the ticks alive!* We have all heard of the poisonous bugs of Persia; but imagine the refined cruelty of the Bokhara ticks, to whose ravenous appetite prisoners are committed bare-footed and shaved, and chained in irons, so that they cannot even cope with their antagonists, supposing that their hungry hold was to be shaken; and then imagine our guiltless countrymen exposed for months to such tortures, to which insanity must have been a slight relief, and death a happy termination. There are, however, also some other dungeons, with cells of various depths, into which the prisoners are let down by ropes; and the sepulchral dampness of which places are said by Khanikoff to be insupportable.

According to Mr. Wolff's letters, there is an ambassador on his way from this ingenious tormentor and most reputable monarch to Great Britain; and in these pacific days, when the good citizens of London refuse a testimony to the brave defender of Jelalabad, on the ground that it would be upholding "horrible wars," the said ambassador, probably one of the jailors of the "pit of scorpions," as this fearful and terrible prison is called at Orenburgh, will no doubt be cordially received by a Foreign Secretary, and presented to kiss our Lady Queen's hand. Heaven forbid! is all we dare say; but we could say much more. It is not positively shewn that our countrymen were placed in this abode of tortures, worse than Shakespeare's imagination could conjure up, when he moistened a man with honey that the bees and wasps might sting him to death; but it is more than probable; and as to any doubts which might suggest themselves regarding the reality of the accounts given, we can only say, that the author's prosaic, simple detail of statistical information will not admit such being entertained for a moment.

[To be continued.]

*The Chimes: a Goblin Story of some Bells that rang the Old Year out and the New Year in.* By Charles Dickens. Pp. 175. Chapman and Hall.

DICKENS may ring the old year out and the new year in; but if we may judge from the popularity of his *Christmas Carol*, now in its tenth edition, or very nearly an edition for every month of the departing 1844, he, in point of fact, continues to sing and ring all the years through.

With the present volume we are stopped on the threshold by a frontispiece and a title-page, for which the author and the public are indebted to the exuberant fancy of Maclise. The magic of the former and the exquisite playfulness of the latter, are indeed worthy of his fame. They are outpourings of imagination "all compact;" and to confess the truth, the wonderful conception of forms, their combinations, their endless variety and beauty, their drawing and handling throughout the belfry-scene, seem to us to present on one hand-breadth of a page as immense a display of invention, execution, and genius, as we have ever seen in an entire work devoted to similar subjects and illustrated with the greatest powers of art. In the title-page too, besides the delicious bacchante, emblem of coming spring, in the centre, we would point to the charming idea conveyed by the aerial beings lifting up towards the skies the last letters of the name of Dickens—above the *kens* of mortals.

The other embellishments, by Stanfield, J. Leech, and R. Doyle, are all appropriate, and several of them highly attractive. Stanfield's two delightful landscapes, the old church and Will Fern's cottage, are quite worthy of his pencil, if employed upon an Ischia or a Mounts Bay. Leech's portrait of the hero, Trotty Veck, is capital and characteristic; and his residence of Sir Joseph Bowley, with its hall and library occupants, and also his concluding humorous New-year's dance, are exceedingly well done. Nor must we pass Mr. Doyle without praise, though he has rather metamorphosed Trotty among the bells; his dinner on the steps, and Trotty at home, are fair examples of more than rising talent. He is the son, we believe, of the famous and interminable H.B.

Having thus paid our respects to the artists, what shall we say of the author? It would be absurd to say much, for almost all the theatres in London are ringing with his bells, and they will be in every body's hands and ears even before we can have a Saturday's pull at them. The story is more imaginative than that of the *Christmas Carol*, and the inculcation of benevolence towards the poor and lowly is more palpably and more satirically enforced than in any former case we remember from the same quarter. Mr. Filer, a utilitarian and malthusian statistician; Alderman Cute, a caricatured magistrate; Sir Joseph Bowley, a rich unfeeling personage; and others of superior station, who are contrasted with the ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-paid, and suffering lower orders,—might perhaps have been equally effective had some alloy been incorporated with their vanity, theoretical follies, or hard-heartedness. All the wealthy in London are not selfish, nor all the high in station unfeeling; though, heaven knows, there is enough of both. We should have liked some lights among the shade, were it only for the sake of truth and justice, though it might have interfered a little with the broad general design.

With regard to other matters which strike us on the perusal of this volume, we may observe, that Trotty Veck, a beggarly runner of

errands, is a perfectly original creation of the author's, with great nature, and sparkling with incidental touches of mingled simplicity, pathos, and humour, in which genus of portraiture he so eminently excels. The full swing given to his imagination in the bell-world of visions is ably balanced with the business of actual existence, in which Trotty, his sweet daughter Meg, her lover the blacksmith Richard, Will Fern, Lillian, and Mrs. Chickenstalker, are concerned. And the winding up of the dream will gratify all readers with the poetical judgment which has spared to misery so much of pain and sorrow, and permitted to Tripe so potent an influence on the literature of England.

We hardly like to make any extracts from a work with which so many of our friends must already be familiar; but for the distant and foreign we select a few brief examples. Of Trotty! the descriptive:

"They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry any thing that man could lift. Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the chimes resounded, Toby trotted still. He made this last excursion several times a day, for they were company to him; and when he heard their voices, he had an interest in glancing at their lodging-place, and thinking how they were moved, and what hammers beat upon them. Perhaps he was the more curious about these bells, because there were points of resemblance between themselves and him. They hung there in all weathers; with the wind and rain driving in upon them: facing only the outsidings of all those houses; never getting any nearer to the blazing fires that gleamed and shone upon the windows, or came puffing out of the chimney tops: and incapable of participation in any of the good things that were constantly being handed, through the street-doors and the area-railings, to prodigious cooks. Faces came and went at many windows: sometimes pretty faces, youthful faces, pleasant faces: sometimes the reverse: but Toby knew no more (though he often speculated on these trifles, standing idle in the streets) whence they came, or where they went, or whether,

when the lips moved, one kind word was said of him in all the year, than did the chimes themselves."

Trotty is eating his humble mess of tripe, when several of the characters we have alluded to appear, and are thus shewn up.

"This is a description of animal-food, alderman," said Filer, making little punches in it with a pencil-case, 'commonly known to the labouring population of this country by the name of tripe.' The alderman laughed and winked; for he was a merry fellow, Alderman Cute. Oh, and a sly fellow too! A knowing fellow. Up to every thing. Not to be imposed upon. Deep in the people's hearts! He knew them, Cute did. I believe you! "But who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, looking round. 'Tripe is, without an exception, the least economical and the most wasteful article of consumption that the markets of this country can by possibility produce. The loss upon a pound of tripe has been found to be, in the boiling, seven-eighths of a fifth more than the loss upon a pound of any other animal-substance whatever. Tripe is more expensive, properly understood, than the hothouse pineapple. Taking into account the number of animals slaughtered yearly within the bills of mortality alone, and forming a low estimate of the quantity of tripe which the carcases of those animals, reasonably well butchered, would yield; I find that the waste on that amount of tripe, if boiled, would victual a garrison of five hundred men for five months of thirty-one days each, and a February over. The waste, the waste!' Trotty stood aghast, and his legs shook under him. He seemed to have starved a garrison of five hundred men with his own hand. 'Who eats tripe?' said Mr. Filer, warmly. 'Who eats tripe?' Trotty made a miserable bow. 'You do, do you?' said Mr. Filer. 'Then I'll tell you something. You snatch your tripe, my friend, out of the mouths of widows and orphans. "I hope not, sir," said Trotty, faintly, 'I'd sooner die of want!' "Divide the amount of tripe before mentioned, alderman," said Mr. Filer, 'by the estimated number of existing widows and orphans, and the result will be one pennyweight of tripe to each. Not a grain is left for that man. Consequently, he's a robber.' Trotty was so shocked, that it gave him no concern to see the alderman finish the tripe himself. It was a relief to get rid of it, anyhow. 'And what do you say?' asked the alderman jocosely, of the red-faced gentleman in the blue coat. 'You have heard friend Filer. What do you say?' 'What's it possible to say?' returned the gentleman, 'what is to be said? Who can take any interest in a fellow like this,' meaning Trotty; 'in such degenerate times as these. Look at him! what an object! The good old times, the grand old times, the great old times! Those were the times for a bold peasantry, and all that sort of thing. Those were the times for every sort of thing, in fact. There's nothing now-a-days. Ah! sighed the red-faced gentleman, 'the good old times, the good old times!' The gentleman didn't specify what particular times he alluded to; nor did he say whether he objected to the present times, from a disinterested consciousness that they had done nothing very remarkable in producing himself. 'The good old times, the good old times,' repeated the gentleman. 'What times they were! they were the only times. It's of no use talking about any other times, or discussing what the people are in these times. You don't call these

\* This is surely a very strange style: and seems to have grown upon the writer.

times, do you? I don't. Look into Strutt's costumes, and see what a porter used to be, in any of the good old English reigns.' 'He hadn't, in his very best circumstances, a shirt to his back, or a stocking to his foot; and there was scarcely a vegetable in all England for him to put into his mouth,' said Mr. Filer, 'I can prove it by tables.' But still the red-faced gentleman extolled the good old times, the grand old times, the great old times. No matter what anybody else said, he still went turning round and round in one set form of words concerning them; as a poor squirrel turns and turns in its revolving cage; touching the mechanism, and trick of which, it has probably quite as distinct perceptions, as ever this red-faced gentleman had of his deceased millennium. It is possible that poor old Trotty's faith in these very vague old times was not entirely destroyed, for he felt vague enough at that moment. One thing, however, was plain to him, in the midst of his distress: to wit, that however these gentlemen might differ in details, his misgivings of that morning, and of many other mornings, were well founded. 'No, no, we can't go right or do right,' thought Trotty in despair. 'There is no good in us. We are born bad!'

From this half a scene—from Alderman Cute (evidently aimed, with very slight foundation, at a very worthy and efficient magistrate) also plays a part—we pass to a specimen commencing at least in another tone, and different from badinage:

"It was a hard frost, that day. The air was bracing, crisp, and clear. The wintry sun, though powerless for warmth, looked brightly down upon the ice it was too weak to melt, and set a radiant glory there. At other times, Trotty might have learned a poor man's lesson from the wintry sun; but he was past that, now. The year was old that day. The patient year had lived through the reproaches and misuses of its slanderers, and faithfully performed its work. Spring, summer, autumn, winter. It had laboured through the destined round, and now laid down its weary head to die. Shut out from hope, high impulse, active happiness itself, but messenger of many joys to others, it made appeal in its decline to have its toiling days and patient hours remembered, and to die in peace. Trotty might have read a poor man's allegory in the fading year; but he was past that now. And only he? Or has the like appeal been ever made, by seventy years at once upon an English labourer's head, and made in vain? The streets were full of motion, and the shops were decked out gaily. The new year, like an infant heir to the whole world, was waited for with welcomes, presents, and rejoicings. There were books and toys for the new year, glittering trinkets for the new year, dresses for the new year, schemes of fortune for the new year; new inventions to beguile it. Its life was parcelled out in almanacs and pocket-books; the coming of its moons, and stars, and tides, was known beforehand to the moment; all the workings of its seasons in their days and nights, were calculated with as much precision as Mr. Filer could work sums in men and women. The new year, the new year. Everywhere the new year! The old year was already looked upon as dead, and its effects were selling cheap, like some drowned mariner's aboardship. Its patterns were last year's and going at a sacrifice, before its breath was gone. Its treasures were mere dirt, beside the riches of its unborn successor. Trotty had no portion, to his thinking, in the new year or the old. 'Put 'em down, put 'em down, facts and figures,

facts and figures, good old times, good old times. Put 'em down, put 'em down'—his trot went to that measure, and would fit itself to nothing else. But even that one, melancholy as it was, brought him in due time to the end of his journey, to the mansion of Sir Joseph Bowley, Member of Parliament. The door was opened by a porter. Such a porter! Not of Toby's order; quite another thing. His place was the ticket, though; not Toby's. This porter underwent some hard panting before he could speak, having breathed himself by coming incautiously out his chair without first taking time to think about it and compose his mind. When he had found his voice—which it took him some time to do, for it was a long way off, and hidden under a load of meat—he said in a fat whisper, 'Who's it from?' Toby told him. 'You're to take it in yourself,' said the porter, pointing to a room at the end of a long passage, opening from the hall. 'Every thing goes straight in, on this day of the year. You're not a bit too soon, for the carriage is at the door now, and they have only come to town for a couple of hours, a purpose.' Toby wiped his feet (which were quite dry already) with great care, and took the way pointed out to him; observing as he went that it was an awfully grand house, but hushed and covered up, as if the family were in the country. Knocking at the room door, he was told to enter from within; and doing so, found himself in a spacious library, where, at a table strewn with files and papers, were a stately lady in a bonnet, and a not very stately gentleman in black who wrote from her dictation; while another and an older, and a much statelier gentleman, whose hat and cane were on the table, walked up and down, with one hand in his breast, and looked complacently from time to time at his own picture—a full length; a very full length—hanging over the fire-place. 'What is this?' said the last-named gentleman. 'Mr. Fish, will you have the goodness to attend?' Mr. Fish begged pardon, and taking the letter from Toby, handed it with great respect. 'From Alderman Cute, Sir Joseph.' 'Is this all? Have you nothing else, porter?' inquired Sir Joseph. Toby replied in the negative. 'You have no bill or demand upon me; my name is Bowley, Sir Joseph Bowley; of any kind from any body, have you?' said Sir Joseph. 'If you have, present it. There is a cheque-book by the side of Mr. Fish. I allow nothing to be carried into the new year. Every description of account is settled in this house at the close of the old one. So that if death was to—to—' 'To cut,' suggested Mr. Fish. 'To sever, sir,' returned Sir Joseph, with great asperity, 'the cord of existence, my affairs would be found, I hope, in a state of preparation.' 'My dear Sir Joseph' said the lady, who was greatly younger than the gentleman; 'how shocking!' 'My lady Bowley,' returned Sir Joseph, floundering now and then, as in the great depth of his observations, 'at this season of the year we should think of—of—ourselves. We should look into our—our accounts. We should feel that every return of so eventful a period in human transactions involves matters of deep moment between a man and his—and his banker.' Sir Joseph delivered these words as if he felt the full morality of what he was saying; and desired that even Trotty should have an opportunity of being improved by such discourse. Possibly he had this end before him in still forbearing to break the seal of the letter, and in telling Trotty to wait where he was a minute. 'You were desiring Mr. Fish to say, my lady—' observed Sir Joseph. 'Mr. Fish has said that, I



believe,' returned his lady, glancing at the letter. 'But, upon my word, Sir Joseph, I don't think I can let it go after all. It is so very dear.' 'What is dear?' inquired Sir Joseph. 'That charity, my love. They only allow two votes for a subscription of five pounds. Really monstrous!' 'My lady Bowley,' returned Sir Joseph, 'you surprise me. Is the luxury of feeling in proportion to the number of votes? or is it, to a rightly constituted mind, in proportion to the number of applicants, and the wholesome state of mind to which their canvassing reduces them? Is there no excitement of the purest kind in having two votes to dispose of among fifty people?' 'Not to me, I acknowledge,' returned the lady. 'It bores one. Besides, one can't oblige one's acquaintance. But you are the poor man's friend, you know, Sir Joseph. You think otherwise.' 'I am the poor man's friend,' observed Sir Joseph, glancing at the poor man present. 'As such I may be taunted. As such I have been taunted. But I ask no other title.' 'Bless him for a noble gentleman!' thought Trotty. 'I don't agree with Cute here, for instance,' said Sir Joseph, holding out the letter. 'I don't agree with the Filer party. I don't agree with any party. My friend the poor man has no business with any thing of that sort, and nothing of that sort has any business with him. My friend the poor man, in my district, is my business. No man or body of men has any right to interfere between my friend and me. That is the ground I take. I assume a—paternal character towards my friend. I say, 'My good fellow, I will treat you paternally.' Toby listened with great gravity, and began to feel more comfortable. 'Your only business, my good fellow,' pursued Sir Joseph, looking abstractedly at Toby; 'your only business in life is with me. You needn't trouble yourself to think about any thing. I will think for you; I know what is good for you; I am your perpetual parent. Such is the dispensation of an all-wise Providence! Now, the design of your creation is, not that you should swill, and guzzle, and associate your enjoyments brutally with food!—Toby thought remorsefully of the tripe!—but that you should feel the dignity of labour; go forth erect into the cheerful morning air, and—stop there. Live hard and temperately, be respectful, exercise your self-denial, bring up your family on next to nothing, pay your rent as regularly as the clock strikes, be punctual in your dealings (I set you a good example; you will find Mr. Fish, my confidential secretary, with a cash-box before him at all times); and you may trust me to be your friend and father.' 'Nice children indeed, Sir Joseph!' said the lady, with a shudder. 'Rheumatisms, and fevers, and crooked legs, and asthmas, and all kinds of horrors!' 'My lady,' returned Sir Joseph, with solemnity, 'not the less am I the poor man's friend and father. Not the less shall he receive encouragement at my hands. Every quarter-day he will be put in communication with Mr. Fish. Every new-year's day myself and friends will drink his health. Once every year myself and friends will address him with the deepest feeling. Once in his life he may even perhaps receive, in public in the presence of the gentry, a trifle from a friend. And when upheld no more by these stimulants and the dignity of labour, he sinks into his comfortable grave, then, my lady,—here Sir Joseph blew his nose—'I will be a friend and father, on the same terms, to his children.' Toby was greatly moved. 'Oh! you have a thankful family, Sir Joseph!' cried his wife. 'My lady,' said Sir Joseph, quite majestically, 'ingratitude is

known to be the sin of that class. I expect no other return.' 'Ah! born bad!' thought Toby. 'Nothing melts us!' 'What man can do, I do,' pursued Sir Joseph. 'I do my duty as the poor man's friend and father; and I endeavour to educate his mind, by inculcating, on all occasions, the one great moral lesson which that class requires. That is, entire dependence on myself. They have no business whatever with—with themselves. If wicked and designing persons tell them otherwise, and they become impatient and discontented, and are guilty of insubordinate conduct and black-hearted ingratitude, which is undoubtedly the case, I am their friend and father still. It is so ordained. It is in the nature of things.'

We conclude with a taste of the imaginative. Toby has climbed the belfry, and he saw this 'goblin sight.' He saw the tower, whither his charmed footsteps had brought him, swarming with dwarf phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures of the bells. He saw them leaping, flying, dropping, pouring from the bells without a pause. He saw them round him on the ground; above him in the air; clambering from him by the ropes below; looking down upon him from the massive iron-girded beams; peeping in upon him through the chinks and loopholes in the walls; spreading away and away from him in enlarging circles, as the water-ripples give place to a huge stone that suddenly comes plashing in amongst them. He saw them of all aspects and all shapes. He saw them ugly, handsome, crippled, exquisitely formed. He saw them young, he saw them old, he saw them kind, he saw them cruel, he saw them merry, he saw them grim; he saw them dance, and heard them sing; he saw them tear their hair, and heard them howl. He saw the air thick with them. He saw them come and go, incessantly. He saw them riding downward, soaring upward, sailing off afar, perching near at hand, all restless, and all violently active. Stone, and brick, and slate, and tile, became transparent to him as to them. He saw [them] in the houses, busy at the sleepers' beds. He saw them soothing people in their dreams; he saw them beating them with knotted whips; he saw them yelling in their ears; he saw them playing softest music on their pillows; he saw them cheering some with the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers; he saw them flashing awful faces on the troubled rest of others, from enchanting mirrors which they carried in their hands. He saw these creatures, not only among sleeping men, but waking also, active in pursuits irreconcilable with one another, and possessing or assuming natures the most opposite. He saw one bucking on innumerable wings to increase his speed, another loading himself with chains and weights to retard his. He saw some putting the hands of clocks forward, some putting the hands of clocks backward, some endeavouring to stop the clock entirely. He saw them representing, here a marriage ceremony, there a funeral; in this chamber an election, and in that a ball; every where restless and untiring motion. Bewildered by the host of shifting and extraordinary figures, as well as by the uproar of the bells, which all this while were ringing, Trotty clung to a wooden pillar for support, and turned his white face here and there, in mute and stunned astonishment. As he gazed the chimes stopped. Instantaneous change! The whole swarm fainted; their forms collapsed, their speed deserted them; they sought to fly, but in the act of falling died and melted into air. No fresh supply succeeded them. One straggler leaped down pretty briskly from

the surface of the great bell, and alighted on his feet, but he was dead and gone before he could turn round. Some few of the late company who had gambolled in the tower, remained there, spinning over and over a little longer; but these became at every turn more faint, and few, and feeble, and soon went the way of the rest. The last of all was one small hunchback, who had got into an echoing corner, where he twirled and twirled, and floated by himself a long time; shewing such perseverance, that at last he dwindled to a leg and even to a foot, before he finally retired; but he vanished in the end, and then the tower was silent. Then and not before, did Trotty see in every bell a bearded figure of the bulk and stature of the bell—incomprehensibly, a figure and the bell itself. Gigantic, grave, and darkly watchful of him, as he stood rooted to the ground. Mysterious and awful figures! Resting on nothing; poised in the night air of the tower, with their draped and hooded heads merged in the dim roof; motionless and shadowy. Shadowy and dark, although he saw them by some light belonging to themselves—none else was there—each with its muffled hand upon its goblin mouth. He could not plunge down wildly through the opening in the floor, for all power of motion had deserted him. Otherwise he would have done so—ay, would have thrown himself head foremost from the steeple top, rather than have seen them watching him with eyes that would have waked and watched although the pupils had been taken out. Again, again, the dread and terror of the lonely place, and of the wild and fearful night that reigned there, touched him like a spectral hand. His distance from all help; the long, dark, winding, ghost-beleaguered way that lay between him and the earth on which men lived; his being high, high, high, up there, where it had made him dizzy to see the birds fly in the day; cut off from all good people, who at such an hour were safe at home and sleeping in their beds; all this struck coldly through him, not as a reflection but a bodily sensation. Meantime his eyes and thoughts and fears were fixed upon the watchful figures; which, rendered unlike any figures of this world by the deep gloom and shade enwrapping and enfolding them, as well as by their looks and forms and supernatural hovering above the floor, were nevertheless as plainly to be seen as were the stalwart oaken frames, cross pieces, bars, and beams, set up there to support the bells. These hemmed them, in a very forest of hewn timber; from the entanglements, intricacies, and depths of which, as from among the boughs of a dead wood blighted for their phantom use, they kept their darksome and unwinning watch. A blast of air—how cold and shrill!—came moaning through the tower. As it died away, the great bell, or the goblin of the great bell, spoke."

*A Journey from Naples to Jerusalem, &c. By Dawson Borrer, Esq. 8vo, pp. 579. London, J. Madden and Co.*

WE fear the route of the author has now been so often traversed and described as to afford almost as little chance of novelty as a tour of the Rhine. Athens, Egypt, and the Holy Land, are quite familiar topics; but what could be done for them by the latest, or almost the latest, visitant, has been done in a scholarly way by Mr. Borrer. Had there been no "*ante nos*," and so recently *Eothen*,\* and *The Cross* and

\* The authorship of this justly popular work is now understood to be acknowledged by Mr. J. A. Kinglake, barrister-at-law.



the *Crescent*, his volume would have possessed greater attraction, in consequence of supplying more information: as it is, we can only give it welcome as a very pleasantly written and intelligent narrative, and likely to afford satisfaction to all who are little read in the subjects of which it treats.

We do not, therefore, go so far as La Bruyère, and say of this book, "que sa place était immédiatement au-dessous rien," though we can only pick out the following morsels as examples of its merits. On his passage out, Mr. B. dined on board H. M. S. the *Howe*, then lying off the Piræus, and he tells us:

"The admiral crowned his hospitality by presenting us with letters for different parts, and, amongst others, one to the Bishop of Jerusalem. Upon the table in the state-cabin lay a piece of the foundation-rock of the Anglican church then in progress in the Holy City. I had here the opportunity of observing a curious testimony of the sagacity of the sea-gull. The moment the bell rang for the men's dinner, though before hardly one of these birds was in view, hundreds appeared gathering around the ship; and I was assured that regularly as the bell rang, this ornithological phenomenon took place immediately; and great is the wheeling and screaming of the expectant birds when the first cargo of the remnants of the feast appear."

At Athens itself, he says of other animals:

"Let him who wanders in the neighbourhood of Athens beware of the large and powerful race of dogs, with long coats and bushy tails, which infest her districts; and whenever opportunity occurs dissipate in the most summary manner all those classical ruminations which naturally invade the breast of him who breathes Athenian atmosphere. Wandering one day upon the banks of Ilissus, two of these fearful brutes came at us open-mouthed, following us with such pertinacity that it was with the greatest difficulty that we managed to retreat unscathed to a commanding mass of rock, where, with our guns pointed at their heads, we shouted to their owner to call them off before we were driven to fire; an act we were rather wary of committing, as the penalty for shooting one of them obliges you to give the owner as much corn as will cover the dog when held up by the tail full stretch with its nose upon the ground; and a heavy penalty it is, on account of the great size of these animals; yet may you kill them, it is said, with a sword without incurring this fine; for then close quarters and necessity are implied. Many buzzards circled above our heads during this skirmish, as if in full expectation of coming in for the jackal's share at last. Perhaps, however, they were more particularly gathered together to consult the entrails of a cow which was hanging up by the heels before an Athenian butcher a short distance off, the offal from which several of these loathsome birds were deeply consulting, and seemed to find the augury propitious."

Let us on to Egypt, and an excursion to Fayoum, in which our author displayed indefatigable perseverance and courage in penetrating pyramids and exploring tombs wherever he could find a passage to creep through.

"The following morning after our arrival we visited the neighbouring pyramids, some of which are, indeed, rather shapeless heaps at present than pyramids, but others more perfect. For a minute description of these structures, let me refer the curious to Pococke, who measured and examined several of them. From their decayed state, and from the circumstance that some of them are composed of unburnt bricks, it has been inferred that they are even

of remoter antiquity than those of Djiza. One of those nearest our encampment I entered; for though fully satisfied by the experience I had gained at Djiza that the exploring of pyramids is no jest, yet as this one had just been reopened by Dr. Lepsius after the orifice had been choked up with sand for some considerable period (for though it has been explored before, the sand so soon drifts in that it is necessary again to expend considerable labour in clearing the way for any after-explorer), and I had thus an opportunity of seeing the interior, which many other travellers have not been enabled to do, I deemed it worthy the labour. Descending a shaft of a few feet in depth, accompanied only by one Arab (my companion not deeming the toil likely to be repaid), we placed ourselves flat on our faces, and, by the movement of our bodies, worked through the soft sand, which even now again almost choked up the exceedingly straitened entrance; then inclining to the left, where the passage is of rather larger dimensions, proceeded straight-forwards for some considerable distance; after which we took a branch passage to the right, and passed a deep hole, which seemed to lead to a chamber below, judging by the sound emitted when a stone was rolled in. Still pursuing this passage, we found it to terminate in a tremendous abyss, seemingly of very great depth and size—the proper mouth of which was far above where we were, being, as it were, the continuation of a huge shaft, sunk from somewhere towards the summit of the building; what the height might be, it was impossible to judge by the light of our candles. Returning by the same passage, which varied from six to two feet in height, we regained that we had first entered; and, passing down some rough hewn steps, turned short to the right again for about twenty yards, where was a small shaft running up through the roof of the passage; passing beneath which we descended four steps, rough hewn as the others, and then entered a passage running parallel with the first; leaving which we descended more steps, and turning again to the right, went down a steep descent; then creeping along a very low passage for about twenty yards, found an extensive chamber of excessive loftiness—for firing a quantity of dead cane which lay there, I could yet distinguish no semblance of a roof. The floor of this chamber was a chaos of huge blocks of stone; amongst which, about the centre, was what appeared to be the lid of a sarcophagus, standing edgewise, being supported in that position by the blocks around it. Willingly would I have explored more passages after leaving this, but my Arab refused with the most dogged obstinacy, in spite of my promises of 'backsheesh,' and, moreover, in spite of my shoving him, in the heat of debate, the butt-end of my pistol, for he had proved all along an annoying fellow, several times hesitating about proceeding. After this dispute, I thought it quite as well to get out, lest he should desert me in these gloomy regions. Indeed, I looked forward to beholding again the azure vault of heaven with some impatience, being faint with exertion, bathed in excessive perspiration, and smothered with dust, as before at Djiza: the passages here explored were far more laborious to pursue than the generality of those at Djiza, the main ones of which are quite noble halls. Rejoining my companion, we visited the catacomb containing the mummied ibises. Creeping through a hole under a rock, the aperture being only a foot and a half high above the sand, we entered a chamber of some twenty feet by eleven, in the

centre of which was a shaft like a small square well, about twenty-five feet in depth, which we descended by placing the hands and feet in little niches cut in the sides: having gone down first, I had the benefit of all the sand and rubbish kicked on my head by my companion in his descent, which made me inwardly resolve that for the future in places of this nature I would yield the palm of adventure to another, and be satisfied to follow in the wake. At the bottom our Arab stooped down, and was gone; a very small orifice had received him. I next did the same, and plunged forward; indeed, a good deal of plunging was necessary to get on at all, and if the Arab had not seized my legs I might perhaps have plunged to no purpose but suffocation. My companion tried to follow, but, after much inveterate struggling, shouted that he was smothering, and retreated; but at a second attempt, and undergoing the same process of having his legs pulled, found himself beside me in a long gallery of some four feet high on an average, but in some parts not more than three, and at others five. Here were strewn fragments of earthen pots in all directions, making it very painful to proceed where it was necessary to go on hand and knees. Passing on, we found immense heaps of red baked clay pots, sugar-loaf shape, some of which we broke, here and there finding one which contained a bird in great perfection, shewing the wing-feathers and beak uninjured; but the generality of them were full of black and pungent dust. Stooping over my candle whilst breaking some of the pots, the long tassel of my Fez cap caught fire, emitting a momentary blaze, then leaving me in darkness; but the Arabs being with other lights in a neighbouring passage, soon answered my shouts. There seems to be in this catacomb no remains of any other animal than the ibis, as far as we could find; and from the remains of this bird I should have supposed it wholly of a glossy black plumage, though it is considered to be the same as the *abou hannes* of Ethiopia, described by Bruce, the greatest part of the plumage of which is white. Speaking of the rarity of the *abou hannes*, or sacred ibis, in Egypt at this day, that writer accounts for it by the fallen state of the country since that period when it extended even into the Libyan desert, and lakes formed by the early kings, and plantations by her inhabitants, invited both the ibis and its prey the serpent; but when verdure became confined to its present narrow space, and man no longer laboured to keep up the canals and the little brooks, the ibis sought another and more propitious home, retiring to the pools of Ethiopia. Bruce's ibis must be the second species mentioned by Herodotus, who gives a minute description of this the most common sort, which tallies strongly with that traveller's description of the *abou hannes*, as do also the figures of the ibis copied by Calmet from the ancient Egyptian pictures recovered from the ruins of Herculaneum. Both Diodorus Siculus and Herodotus inform us that to kill an ibis was death, or, if it happened accidentally, the latter says, a heavy fine was the penalty. Causing the Arabs to bring several of the vases containing these birds above ground, we chose some of the soundest-looking, and afterwards transmitted one to England; but the air acting upon the mummy from the breaking of the pot has caused it to pulverise greatly, leaving many bones exposed, as well as elucidating its food, which in this one seems chiefly to have consisted of snails, of which one large shell, about the size of our *helix hortensis*, is almost perfect. Returning to the tents, we passed over an ex-

tensive heap of mummied cats, the ground being strewn with fragments of thousands of these sacred animals, but none entire. This scene brought to my mind Hume's remark, that taking into consideration the rapid propagation of cats, that even from one couple of these animals 'it would in twenty years' time have been easier to find in Egypt a god than a man.' As we trampled these thousands of divinities beneath our feet, I was, however, almost led to doubt his supposition, 'that this wise nation, the most celebrated in antiquity for prudence and policy, reserved all their worship for the full-grown divinities, and used the freedom to drown the holy spawn, or little sucking gods, without any scruple or remorse.' Such a field of dead gods' bones never did I see. In whatever family a cat by accident happens to die, says Herodotus, 'every individual cuts off his eyebrows; but on the death of a dog they shave their heads and every part of their bodies.' We had a visit from Mr. Bonomi, and another gentleman of the party, in the evening, and enjoyed with their conversation our pipes and coffee. It was a most brilliant night: the heavens

'Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,  
And with ten thousand gems of shining gold.'

The moon, rising from behind Mokattam's mountain-range, threw her soft and silvery beams over the winding Nile, and the groves of palms studding its green vale; but the air was extremely chill, and so heavy a dew falling, that before morning our garments, suspended inside of the tent, were saturated with moisture."

Having selected this favourable specimen of the writer's talent, we shall not pursue his footsteps farther; nor notice where he often touches upon matters only to disappoint us—such as his mention of a curious stone, p. 230. In Syria, as in Egypt, he wanders about, describing lightly and agreeably all that he sees, but bringing out nothing new and important; and, in conclusion, he gives a good version of Linant's memoir on Lake Meris, not generally known beyond the limited literary circles which take an interest in Egyptian antiquities. Some engravings, and Linant's map of the Fayoum district, illustrate the volume. We ought also to note a very affecting account of the premature death of young George Lloyd (son of Sir W. Lloyd), whose poem of "Soldonella," editing of Gerard's mss., and other literary productions, were reviewed, with well deserved praises, in several of our *Gazettes*.

*Churchyard Thoughts in Verse.* By Jos. Snow. London, J. Murray.

At this festive season of the year it is not amiss to have the thoughts wisely turned to the uncertainty of all human enjoyments, and in the mansions of merriment not altogether to forget the house of mourning. Impressed with this sentiment, we would direct the regards of readers, gently not gloomily, to the moral muse of Mr. Snow, whose past productions prepared us for effusions, which, if somewhat melancholy, would yet possess a sweet and soothing influence on the heart.

We avoid his introductory Notice respecting the "strengthened position of the English church," which we fear has been much shattered, even within the brief space that has elapsed since that Notice was written; though with regard to his immediate subject, the decency of churchyards, we are bound to acknowledge considerable improvement.

With respect to the *Thoughts*, they are each headed by a sacred text, and are reflective expansions of, or illustrative ideas suggested by, it. Thus:

"The greatest of these is charity."

As at the holy shrine  
Burnt the bright lamps in ne'er extinguish'd flame,  
So, fed by thoughts divine,  
The lamp of charity lit up his heart the same,  
And but to burn more freely, where  
The holier oil is given and purer air."

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil."

Were there no darkness, stars were lost to sight;  
Flowers give their sweetest odours to the night;  
Thus the black grave the hopeful Christian hails,  
Sees effluent light, and scents ambrosial gales,  
And the dark valley knows to be the way  
To endless pleasures and eternal day."

"She did it for my burial."

Angels attend the good man's dying bed,  
And righteous deeds in Christ perform'd with prayer  
Throughout his house their fragrant odours shed;  
Yet the most precious unguents streaming there  
Were holy penitence from heart sincere.  
Faith's contrite sigh, love's true and latest tear."

"The sting of death is sin."

Mourn not o'er early graves—for those  
Removed whilst our curly buds are shown;  
For God, who sow'd and water'd, knows  
The time to gather in his own.  
This blossom knew no winter's breath,  
Shelter'd beneath the Almighty wing;  
And though it felt the stroke of death,  
Blest babe! it never knew its sting."

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Thou art his keeper! and when censured has time,  
When hearts are known, and motives for each deed,  
If thy example has seduced to crime,  
Thy brother's blood with trumpet-tongue shall  
plead;  
And thou must answer at the eternal throne,  
His stripes no less, but cumulo thine own;  
Whil't he who turn'd the erring right shall shine  
As the bright stars within the brightest sign."

"Open thou mine eyes."

Death, the great teacher in a school severe,  
Strips the deceitful heart of all disguise;  
And what seem'd real shadows now appear,  
What we call'd shadows—stern realities.  
Oh, for the guidance of truth's radiant star,  
To see the things of both worlds as they are!"

"He drew a bow at a venture."

Let not thy 'venturous' bow assail the dead!  
Not at thy judgment-seat, but God's, he stands:  
The unerring arrow still demands  
The guidance of a prophet's hands,  
While random shafts oft smite the archer's head."

"The words of Job are ended."

Ye who with me, beneath the yew's deep shade,  
Or through the silent cities of the dead,  
Have sat or wander'd—this long visit paid—  
Our voice is hush'd, oh, solemn words are said.  
If holy seriousness hath touch'd the heart,  
If holy sorrow hath bedew'd the eyes,  
Not the less braced and strengthen'd—we depart  
To life's hard duties and for earth's strong ties.

Let us with patient souls all tasks resume—  
How long, how painful, God alone can tell:  
Christians! our home lies far beyond the tomb,  
There may we meet in peace, and so farewell."

We have copied but a few examples, and the finale, from two hundred and seventy-one similar productions, which speak the religious piety and assured Christian faith of the amiable and much-esteemed author. The volume is very gracefully got up, and appropriately embellished with some designs for headstones, &c. The whole do honour to the head and heart of Mr. Snow; and where the salutary cultivation of a little calm thoughtfulness to chasten the spirit may be sought, his book will be truly welcome.

*On Diet, with its Influence on Man; being an Address to Parents, &c.: or, How to obtain Health, Strength, Sweetness, Beauty, Development of Intellect, and Long Life.* By Thomas Parry. 8vo, pp. 119. London, S. Highley. Or the numerous works hitherto published upon the subject of diet, none have as yet fol-

\* "Leviticus xxiv."

† "And Elisha laid his hands upon the king's hands.—2 Kings xiii. 16."

lowed the concise and practical method adopted by Mr. Parry, of giving what he terms commentaries upon diet at different ages and under different circumstances. There is at least one chapter in this book which is interesting to every existing individual. We turn for an example to the diet of a gentleman, in which the author establishes that in such a person enervousness may arise from two very opposite causes; for the man who is not sufficiently nourished and supported must be enervous, and so likewise will the man be who is over-fed and insufficiently exercised. The distinction between these two conditions is not apparently so well marked as might have been anticipated. In both the skin is flaccid and loose, heat variable and easily excited, slight emotions producing palpitation of the heart, error in hearing, unhappy state of mind, unrefreshing sleep, and indisposition to exertion; but in one there is thinness, in the other fullness; in the one pallidity, in the other colour; in the one defective heat, in the other too great a temperature of body. The remedies for either of these conditions in excess or deficiency are the fixed (?) principles of rational diet. We should like to know where to find these fixed principles.

Mr. Parry has so exceeding a dislike to vegetables, that he attributes the sweating-sickness of the early part of the sixteenth century to their introduction into the country; and he further asserts, that that malady appears to have only become less destructive on the discovery of the East Indies and America—probably from the importation of spices and hot condiments, which in earlier ages had neither been known nor wanted, but which now became requisite as correctors of the cold leaves, roots, and stalks, lately introduced as food.

"Decayed cheese," says our author, "whether called ripe or rotten, is good food for maggots, but totally unfit for man. It contains no nutriment; has no digestive power, as has been erroneously supposed; and is only calculated to render the breath and body offensive."

In total opposition to the results of Schlenker's experiments, he says unripe pulse (peas and beans) is but slightly nourishing; we are inclined to agree with him.

In regard to diet at manhood he lays down the following faultless aphorisms:—First, too low a diet gives an apathy of character, with slowness of action, and weakness of body. Secondly, too high a diet gives impetuosity of passions and temper, oftentimes with cruelty of disposition. Thirdly, a diet without exhilaration gives a gloomy tendency, with despondency instead of buoyancy of spirit.

Mr. Parry, like the late Mr. Warren, would regard the divine injunction of Moses, "that man should not eat flesh with the blood." He attributes many of the loathsome diseases of Christendom to partaking of swine's flesh. He would also enforce the rubric of Islamism, that blood should not be left in birds killed by breaking the neck. Neither sweetness, strength, nor beauty, he declares, can come from unclean food; and he quotes Isaiah in proof.

The observations on the temper of men, as influenced by diet, are admirable; so intimately are they connected, that it ought to be as disgraceful to be socially unpleasant, disagreeable, and cross, as it is criminal to be immoral, to thieve, or to murder. The work is, indeed, full of interesting argument; and it would make an excellent companion to Dr. Paris's more elaborate and complete treatise—the one containing the principles to act upon, the other the principles to act with. Neither

contain that without which every treatise on diet is imperfect, the consideration of diet as applicable to different habits of body. It is comparatively easy to lay down principles upon the dietitian doctrines of the relation of the constituents of food to organic chemistry; or to establish similar principles when carried on from childhood to maturity or old age; but it is a different thing to bring any such into sudden operation when there are already confirmed and often erroneous habits of diet.

Thus, for example, Mr. Parry recommends, as diet for intellectual attainment, bread and water; and quotes, in proof, Luther, Newton, and Byron! It is quite evident, that if some of our illustrious Great were suddenly put upon bread and water, they would not slumber so frequently at the meetings of learned Associations; but neither would they so often contribute to the transactions of the same societies the results of their learned and somnolent lucubrations. Upon better data, others have held that active intellects require light diet, as such is of easy digestion, and moderate in quantity; while powerful intellects demand the reverse. Many examples of both could be given.

The appropriate diet of the sinecurist is a rich piece of satire. The abundance of his means runs counter to his wants: free from cares and exertion, his body demands little, yet he takes much. Food is tortured, spiced, and flavoured; wine is dropped into the stomach, not for its true and virtuous quality of making a man merry, but in a luxuriant sipping, which seeketh no reward but in the palate. This dishonest system generates discontent in the members of the body corporate, and all the disorders which medical nomenclature embrace, and miserable wretchedness is the result.

It is a strange psychological phenomenon, that, as the abuse of the moral laws involves necessary punishment to the offender, so the abuse of the organic laws with equal certainty induces disorder, pain, disease, and death; and yet such abuse will go on always the same, even to the end of time. The principles of the natural laws are as simple as the alphabet, and as easy to act upon; the temptations to evil are nevertheless, in two cases out of eight,—that is to say, two dinners or suppers out of eight, as in two worldly transactions out of eight,—in the ascendancy; and for these two are the visible punishments we see around us, of diseased frames, tottering constitutions, and minds ill at ease.

*Rides in the Pyrenees.* By Miss Selina Bunbury, author of "Coombe Abbey." 2 vols. 12mo. London, Newby.

OLD Froissart is quoted for "ride by my side, and I will tell you all about it," and "there is nothing like writing for the preservation of events;" but then the events should be worthy of preserving. Miss Selina Bunbury's narrative is a very slight one; and after what we have had of the Pyrenees from Grattan, Lady Chatterton (who went over the same ground), and others, has not novelty to recommend it. In truth, we cannot well make out the traveller's objects, and are thus often left astray about her meaning and descriptions. She appears to have journeyed alone in search of some friends whom she supposed to be at some bath somewhere in the Pyrenees. A Monsieur M—, a French gentleman, an invalid and on crutches, is her principal Palinurus; a Jacques Perigord, a sort of attendant and guide; and a Senhor José, a second Monsieur M—.

Above 200 pages of the first volume are occu-

pled with the transit from Calais to Caunteretz; a tour in France without marked incident or observation. Arrived at length at the Pyrenees, stopping at St. Sauveur and Barèges, and other watering-places, our countrywoman scrambles over a few of the mountain defiles, and tells us of her frights, wettings, dryings, inconvenient lodgings, and a host of other similar daily occurrences; diversifying them with accounts of fellow-travellers with whom she fell in on the way. This is done in a lively style; but we must, with all our gallantry, confess that we have acquired wondrous small information and no great delight from this book of female adventure. The best specimen of the writer's talent we can pick out is the annexed extract from St. Sauveur, in which a landlady shews that she might have been a physician at the head of a quack medicine:—

"It was (says Miss B.) neither the surge's sweep nor the tempest's breath, but the goodwill and pleasure of Monsieur M—that drifted me from one Pyrenean watering-place to another; while the vain search for my friends cast me, like that unconscious sea-weed by which the mighty Childe has symbolised himself, from rock to mountain, and from mountain to valley, where I found every thing but them. This preface was necessary in order to account for and describe the leading cause of all my wanderings in the Pyrenees. On my return from a little ramble, the blooming *fille de chambre* informed me that Monsieur M— requested to see me; it was half an hour past mid-day, but he had only just risen, and soon afterwards I heard his crutch on the stairs. My instant inquiry was, of course, as to how he felt himself. 'Worse, much worse,' was his reply; the waters of St. Sauveur, he was certain, did not agree with him. 'But had monsieur consulted the doctor?' was my next demand. Waving his hand, and averting his face, he briefly said: 'Do not speak to me of him.' And then, to my surprise, told me he was going to see a doctor at Barèges; and as I was fond of seeing all I could, perhaps I would like to take a seat in the carriage. Of course I assented; but while we were talking, up came Madame la Veuve, our hostess, in evident trepidation lest she should lose her lodgers. 'Was monsieur determined to take a carriage to Barèges?' she demanded. Now I have said that Monsieur M— was a person to be guided by last advice; and that disposition is necessarily combined with a constant indisposition to appear to reject any advice. Madame the widow unhappily was not in possession of these secrets; and in the little diplomatic embassy in which she now engaged, from an extreme desire to appear to give disinterested advice, she overreached herself in the excess of her skillfulness. I will give as literal a translation as possible of the dialogue that ensued; the poor little initials shewing the unimportant position I held in this diplomatic council.—Madame la Veuve. 'Is monsieur, then, resolved to set out for Barèges?' Monsieur M—. 'But no, madame, not resolved; I will do as you advise.' Mad. la V. 'Ma foi, what goodness! my advice is worth nothing; but the interest I take in all that concerns monsieur will lead me to do my best, if monsieur will take the trouble of informing me what are his motives for thinking of going to Barèges.' Mons. M. 'Simply that I am worse at St. Sauveur than I was before I came; the waters do not agree with me.' Mad. la V. 'Ah, what a thunder-stroke! I am overwhelmed! The waters do not agree with you! Must I then renounce my faith in these waters? must I believe that they have become

wicked? But no, I believe it not; monsieur has said he is not well at St. Sauveur, would that mean he has more pains?' Mons. M. 'Oh, yes; much more.' Mad. la V. 'Heaven be praised, the waters are then still good.' Mons. M. 'Madame, you astonish me.' Mad. la V. 'But yes, monsieur, your pains shew that the waters agree with you; the worse you feel yourself, the worse pains you have, the more certain it is that the waters do you good.' Mons. M. 'That is extraordinary; but, madame, my strength fails,—I am weaker.' Mad. la V. 'Dieu merci! that is still better; the waters are taking effect.' Mons. M. 'You think so; well, then, patience is necessary. You do not advise that I should go to Barèges?' Mad. la V. 'But, certainly, if monsieur wishes to take the carriage, and make a visit to Barèges, that may do him good, and madame also wishes to see that place; it is always necessary, monsieur knows, to have complaisance for the ladies.' Mons. M. 'Yes; but I have always heard that the waters of Barèges are the best for rheumatism, and my purpose in going there is to consult the doctor.' Mad. la V. (looking rather blank). 'Certainly; but monsieur must be careful who he consults. I will give monsieur a note to the best doctor, the doctor who knows me; yes, I have sent him many patients when they would go, and he also has recommended my hotel. He will give monsieur good advice for my sake.' Mons. M. 'I think the baths of Barèges would do me good.' Mad. la V. 'That depends—let us see—what is the complaint?' S. B. 'Rheumatism.' Mad. la V. 'Ah, the English fancy every thing is rheumatism, because they are so accustomed to it in the fogs of their country; but, monsieur, what does he say?' Mons. M. 'Pains, madame; great pains every where.' Mad. la V. 'Listen: monsieur may not be sensible that there are pains that came from the rheumatism, and there are pains that come from the nerves. If it is the rheumatism, the waters of Barèges may do good; but if it is the nerves, take one bath, and you are lost—absolutely lost, and without resource.' Mons. M. looked anxious. Mad. la V. 'One single bath, I repeat it, one single bath is death—without resource!' S. B. 'But, madame, if it is the rheumatism?' Mad. la V. 'That makes a difference; have the goodness then, monsieur, to explain how you feel?' Mons. M. 'Pains, madame.' Mad. la V. 'In the bones?' Mons. M. 'In the bones, in the joints.' S. B. 'Ah, the rheu—' Mad. la V. 'The nerves.' Mons. M. 'In the back, in the bones, in the elbows, fingers.' S. B. 'Oh, the rheu—' Mad. la V. 'The nerves, it is clear.' Mons. M. 'I am quite stiff; can hardly lift my hand to my head.' S. B. 'It must be the rheuma—' Mad. la V. 'It is the nerves: if monsieur takes one single bath of Barèges—see, now, one bath only—he will be lost; absolutely lost, and without resource! Was there not a gentleman at my hotel two years ago; he would be dissatisfied with the waters of St. Sauveur; I told him to be content; for their property is always to make worse before they make better: but no, one bath, one bath only—he was just dying—he came back to me. 'Madame,' he said, 'I have taken one bath, one only, and I am going to die.' 'Judge now,' said I, 'if it is not death to take the waters of Barèges for the nerves.' Mons. M. 'He died, then?' Mad. la V. 'Not at all, he was with me all summer.' Mons. M. 'And recovered?' Mad. la V. 'No, he died at the approach of winter. But judge you now: if he had stayed at Barèges one day longer he would have died; by coming to St. Sauveur



again he lived all summer.' Poor Mons. M. was quite bewildered: had madame the widow at once given him her advice not to go to Barèges, she might have succeeded in keeping him at St. Sauveur; but through the fear of making her meaning too plain, she neutralised the effect of her zeal in behalf of the baths of the latter, and left my monsieur at liberty to visit Barèges, although he promised not to run upon certain death by entering a bath there; at least unless *le médecin* advised him; which madame asserted would not be the case if he went to the *médecin* she recommended, and to whom she gave our poor invalid a little *billet*."

*The University of Bonn, &c.; with a concise Account of the College-Life of Prince Albert. By a Member of the Middle Temple. Pp. 242. London, J. W. Parker.*

A PUBLICATION *ad Cap!* Cap in hand, according to college discipline and etiquette; and as every thing relating to Prince Albert must possess British interest, the volume, we doubt not, will be extensively circulated. The University of Bonn may now rival in our literature the immortal Göttingen;

Oh, kerchief check'd of heavenly blue  
Which once my love sat knotting in!  
Alas, Matilda then was true,  
At least I thought so when a stu-  
dent residing at the U-  
niversity of Göttingen.

(not very correctly quoted, we believe; but memory fades.)

Of a different order are the lyrics of Bonn; and the *bonne fortune* of our justly popular and much-admired Prince, as well as the eulogies from the Middle Temple, must have a considerable effect upon its prosperity, being already, it is stated, of all the German schools only second to Berlin. And no wonder, for it continues to educate the sons of rulers, to mix with whom must excite great emulation in the more lowly; and the *alumni* of the Rhine, in their various stations, may indulge in looking up as fitting themselves to become, perhaps, husbands to queens, princesses, duchesses, countesses, and rich and rare matches of every description. Our author is flattering to the system, the buildings, the professors; and yet, we truly opine, has good grounds for his representations, though we have not the means for corroborating them. So we must let them stand by themselves.

Prince Albert entered as a student of jurisprudence and history in May 1837, at the age of eighteen, and remained during three seasons, nearly eighteen months, till September 1838; soon after which he was selected to marry our gracious sovereign. His elder brother, now the reigning duke, was his companion; and his application to his studies was of the most persevering, diligent, and satisfactory description. History, music, and painting, he most successfully cultivated, as recreations from severer toils; and shooting was one of his most favourite pursuits. His amiable manners made him a favourite with high and low, learned and simple; and no one ever left his *alma mater* more generally endeared and esteemed than the ingenious youth England is now proud to claim as her Prince Albert, with an immense and hitherto wisely husbanded political power, and the progenitor (as every prospect assures her) of a long line of kings.

The public tributes paid to him on his departure from Bonn are printed in this volume; whence we copy the following sample:—

"The young princes had, as the chief officer of a select household, conducted with the great-

est order and regularity, a German nobleman, who is represented to have acquitted himself to their entire satisfaction. It consisted of fifteen persons in all, including domestics, and both brothers had conjointly a choice stud, in which not only were several of the finest and best horses that could be found in Germany, but also some excellent specimens of the English breed. In fact, Prince Albert's establishment at Bonn, though limited in extent, yet evincing as it did the true grace and dignity of exalted rank, was in all respects suited to the position of an illustrious personage, whom the very highest destinies have since awaited. During the time required for completing the various culinary and other arrangements, the table of the princes was supplied by Mr. Schmidt, of the Star Hotel, at Bonn, where many an epicure from all parts of Europe, with a most fastidious taste and unaccommodating palate, has involuntarily felt himself obliged to admit that he had never before fared better in the whole course of his travels. Far, very far, however, were the two princes of Coburg from indulging or cultivating any such taste during the period of their residence here. On the contrary, they had the character of setting an edifying example of the greatest moderation and simplicity in their repasts. Though they frequently gave costly banquets to parties of between twenty and thirty students, selected entirely for their personal worth and talents, and without any regard to the circumstances of birth or fortune, they themselves could hardly be said to partake of the rare luxuries provided for the occasion, so rigidly temperate were they both, and more especially Prince Albert.

"The people of England were not a little surprised at first to hear that the queen and the royal consort were seen walking together at a very early hour on the morning of the very day after their marriage. But while at Bonn, Prince Albert was particularly distinguished from all the other students of the same rank for the salutary habit of early rising, one which he had uniformly persevered in from his boyhood, and therefore it is very natural that he should have adhered to it after he had come of age, whether in England or in any other country, and be likely to do so all the days of his life. At Bonn the prince generally rose about half-past five o'clock in the morning, and never prolonged his repose after six. From that hour up to seven in the evening, he assiduously devoted his whole time to his studies, with the exception of an interval of three hours, which he allowed himself for dinner and recreation. At seven he usually went out, and paid visits to those individuals or families who were honoured with his acquaintance. In frequent instances, his manner of doing so was particularly graceful and condescending, shewing, by the act, a kindness of heart which never failed to leave a deeply grateful recollection of it behind. On one occasion, addressing a note to a professor whom he highly esteemed, and who, with his amiable family, lived in a state of the most unostentatious and tranquil retirement, the illustrious student informed him that he intended to call and take tea with them that evening. The professor's reply was characteristic of the man. He said that his family and himself were not accustomed to be honoured with the visits of princes; but as a prince so universally beloved, and whose dignity was so much enhanced by his condescension, was pleased to intimate his intention of calling upon them, both he and his family would feel the greatest pride and joy in welcoming him to their humble abode."

In panegyrising the professors we fall in with

the annexed rather startling paragraph as part of a lecture by a celebrated teacher, Dr. Welcker: "As to modern art, which, from its first rise, was connected with the ancient Greek and Roman style, and attained its highest perfection in Italy in the thirteenth century, both *Raffaello* and *Michael Angelo*, its greatest masters at that period, candidly acknowledged that they were far inferior to their classical predecessors."

Well might the writer add:

"Such are the opinions of the learned Welcker respecting the origin and theory of ancient art, and its superiority over modern. They have never been formally promulgated before, so that many of them will be quite new, even to those persons in England who are most conversant with the subject; and I believe it may fairly be predicted of them, that no erudite and critical archæologist is likely to dispute their correctness."

But of the concluding assertion we are rather inclined to say, *de hoc quære?* unless the dates are errors of the press. Where were the arts in the thirteenth century? M. Angelo was born in 1474, and lived to the age of ninety.

*Travels in Luristan and Arabistan.* By the Baron C. A. de Bode. 2 vols. 8vo, with Illustrations. London, J. Madden and Co.

THE Baron de Bode was attached to the Russian embassy at the court of the shah of Persia, and having imbibed a great curiosity to see the ruins of Persepolis, we are indebted for the very interesting narrative now before us to his journey thither, and his return by the rarely visited districts of Luristan and Arabistan—the latter a name most commonly given by the Persians to those districts west of the Persian Apennines which are chiefly tenanted by Arabs, more especially by the Cha'b tribe; but used by the Baron as a synonyme for Khuzistan, and corresponding to the ancient Susiana; while Luristan represents pretty nearly the ancient Elam or Elymais.

The Baron started from Teheran, along the borders of the great desert, noticing, but not disturbed by, the ghuls or land-mermaids, and calling attention to the mysterious town of Kumrud, where descendants of the ancient Parsi or Gebrs are still, as at Yazd, said to carry on the forms and ceremonies of Zoroastrian worship. Passing caravans of mixed Meschedi, Kerbelai, and Haggis—names derived from the cities visited, and relative degrees of rank resulting therefrom, of which the Stirites are as proud as Europeans are of titular precedents—the Baron arrived at Isfahan, where he found a school established by M. Eugene Boré for the Armenian youths, which had already thirty-one pupils, of whom five were Mussulmans.

The journey from Isfahan to the plain of Nurrugab is a short one, and possesses no marked interest. Arrived at this renowned plain, the Baron de Bode has the exceeding good taste, as also at Persepolis itself, not to enter into any lengthened descriptions of monuments which have been already amply treated of by other travellers, but confines himself to a few remarks and new observations.

He concurs in Sir W. Ouseley's opinion, that the Takhti Suleiman presents the throne of the ancient kings of Persia, or, at least, the place where they used to sit in public. He did not enter into the sacred precincts of the Meschedi-Madre Suleiman, the supposed tomb of Cyrus, but he informs us that an important discovery was made a few years ago by the Catholic missionary the Padre Giovanni, of some hieroglyphics among the marble slabs on the

tomb of Cyrus. As Cyrus was anterior to the Persian invader of Egypt, Cambyse,\* there is something strange in this discovery, which also adds to the number of facts already accumulated, which tend to shew the Egypto-Greek origin of many of the ancient Persian monuments.

The Kur-ab, the river of Cyrus, and the Medus of the ancients, is said by the Baron de Bode to be called the Murg-ab on the plain of same name, and Polvar on the Hepek portion of the plain of Merdasht, where it joins the renowned Bend-Amir, called Kun Fimz by the Baron; while the same traveller divides the plain of Persepolis into several buluks, having different denominations. Now, elsewhere the author agrees with Mr. Renouard, that Turks and Persians have no idea of giving one name to any but very large rivers, so that these subdivisions are of little geographical utility; and as to the plain itself—Merd-dasht, the plain of the Merdi or Mardi—it is far too significant a name to be thrown aside, in consideration of the different families of Hiyat wanderers who feed their flocks thereon.

The Baron succeeded in gaining admittance into the second tomb (taken from the south-eastern side of the mountains) at Nakshi Rustam, and which is supposed to be that of Darius Hystaspes. He found that the analogy which Sir R. K. Porter wished to establish between the four sepulchres did not hold good; for the interior of the cave was more extensive than that of Artaxerxes I., which has been frequently visited. Instead of there being only one excavation in each recess, there were three in every one of them, making nine stone excavations in this one cave; nor were the niches arched.

He also ascended the hill of Istakhr (previously visited, we believe, by Morier), where he found a dilapidated tower, with heaps of broken bricks, &c., a curiously wrought vessel of black stone, and an immense reservoir for water, with a singular inscription. It appears that two French artists, MM. Flandin and Coste, have recently brought to light, from the Tacht-i-Jemshid, a black marble statue of a bull, which, although mutilated, is still a beautiful specimen of ancient Persian sculpture, and the third sculpture as yet known in Persia. The same artists discovered a long inscription in Pehlevi characters at Nakshi Kegeb, which had hitherto been hid from sight by the branches and foliage of a tree protruding out of a fissure in the rock. The Baron satisfied himself that the moon and crescent exist in two cases in the sculptures on the royal tombs of Kubi-Rahmed, which is in contradistinction to the opinion of M. Lassen, a learned German writer on Persepolis. The moon was, we might add, the chief talisman of the Atropatenian Ecbatana. The Zend, indeed, acknowledged three forms for the "refulgent lamp of night." The Baron also believes that the remains of the town of Istakhr are coeval with the ancient structures at Takht-i-Jemshid, and formed part of the city to which the Greeks gave the name of Persepolis—a view of the subject which has already found several advocates.

Quitting Persepolis, the Baron advanced by Bend-Amir to Shiraz, which he found, as usual, divided into two rival camps, and the chieftain who commanded in the city not having power half a mile beyond its gates.

From Shiraz he directed his steps by Desht-

Argan and Desht-ber to Kerzerun, and thence to the ruins of Shapur. He did not stop at the ruins of the city, concealed by a rank vegetation, nor did the sculptures, already so often described, detain him, the more especially as his guides were reluctant to remain exposed to the wind that blew down the limestone defile (not porphyry, as the Baron writes it). He is, however, rather too exacting of accuracy in Sasanian sculptures when he complains that the Roman prisoner is too young for Valerian.

The next day he ascended to the celebrated cave, where is the overthrown statue of Shapur. He repeats the old tales concerning the bottomless labyrinth of this cave, which, however, would not have dissuaded him from venturing farther had it not been that the tapers were nearly exhausted. The cave has, however, been explored to its furthest recesses (see *Ainsworth's Magazine*, No. 4).

The Baron crossed from the valley of the river of Shapur to that of the Ab-Shir by the Tengi Behram, thus getting into comparatively new country, and enabling him to give a valuable sketch of the sculptures which represent Behram, with the curled hair, two-horned tiara (undoubtedly the Kosti, twisted as a cord, as in the more frequent circlet, held in one or two hands, when binding an oath), and the ends of which allowed to float down the shoulders, from what are described as the usual Sasanian broad fillets. On his left are two mobids, or high-priests, in the usual habiliments; and on the right, two prisoners, or suppliants, wearing caps such as are seen on some of the coins of the Arsacidæ.

The Baron gives many interesting details concerning the Mamaseni, and more especially relating to the life of the notorious freebooter Veli-Khan, whose daring deeds have been commemorated in songs which are in the mouth of every individual in Fars; but he neglects to mention, that it was to an English officer (Colonel Shee) that the shah was indebted for the overthrow and capture of this remarkable personage, who some years back rendered the road from Busline to Shiraz impassable without paying tribute. We did not know that Timur Mirza, the most manly of the Persian princes, who once attracted so much attention in this country, and who are all well-known to many Oriental travellers, married a daughter of this chieftain. It was at the capture of Baghir Khan, son of Veli, at the fort of Gul-i-gulab, that the Mamaseni women threw themselves from the top of the precipitous rocks. Many were killed on the spot, but some survived to receive the timely assistance of Dr. Griffith, the surgeon of the British detachment.

The Sha'b-bevan, into which the Baron next descended, is one of the paradises of Persian poetry. It was covered with a rich parterre of flowering narcissus, which reached up to the horses' girths. Passing Fahliyan, now a paltry town of sixty or seventy houses; and Basht, the residence of the chief of the Rustemi tribe, and of the Bovi, a tribe of the Khogilu,—a long desert track of stony lands led to Bebehan, the residence of the chief of the Khogilu tribes. Between this town and the river Kurdistan are the ruins of the city of Arregan, the foundation of which is attributed by Yakuti to the Sasanian king Kobad, but by D'Herbelot to Kai Kobad, of the Kayanian dynasty. Close by, at Tengi-Teko, the pass from whence the Kurdistan river flows into the plain, is a fissure high up in the mountains, out of which runs a black asphalt called *mumia*, and which once, like the existing fire-fountains at Kerkuk, emitted a

perpetual flame. This, according to the Baron, was the site of the ancient fire-temple of Ardgan,—the Ardea of Ptolemy,—and the Asylum Persarum, into which several of Alexander's successors, and the Parthian kings, vainly attempted to penetrate. Kinnier found a stone slab with an arrow-headed inscription among the same ruins, which are called Argan by Ibn Batuta, and Kobad by others. These identifications are of much importance.

Quitting Bebehan, the Baron crossed the Kurdistan or Jerahi river, which he incorrectly makes to empty itself into the river Kuran (vol. i. p. 343). In the appendix he gives the detailed course to the Persian Gulf, the channel which flows into the Kuran being only an artificial canal. We cannot help remarking upon the curious circumstance that this latter, the chief of the rivers of Susiana, is called by the Persians *Kuran*, and by the Arabs *Karun*. There can be no doubt of the former (see Rawlinson and De Bode); but when navigating the river in its lower part, the Euphrates expedition found it uniformly called *Karun*; a name which, according to M. Renouard, is also preserved in the Jiban Numa.

Near Tashun, a town which derives its name from 'atash,' fire, the Baron found another 'Ur,' to add to the three already known,—Urfah, or Edessa; Al-Hadhr, the Ur of Ammanus; and Urchoe, in post-Babylonian Chaldaea. The Baron's remarks upon the possibility of this last-discovered one being the Ur of the Chaldees, are quite out of the question. The Scriptures are definite authority that Ur was in Mesopotamia, even if there were not a multitude of evidence to prove that the land of the patriarchs, Terah, Haran, and Sarug was at and around Urfah.

It is curious, however, to find the tradition of Abraham's being thrown into the fire to exist at Tashun, as well as at Nanganik, as noticed by Col. Rawlinson; and equally so, that the sacred fish, said by Rawlinson to be at Shushan, but not found there by Layard, were met with by De Bode at Tashun. It would appear, from these circumstances, that there had also dwelt in this neighbourhood a post-Babylonian Chaldaean colony, who have attached the name of their fatherland and their peculiar traditions to the place.

Not far from Tashun is the pass called Tengi-Saulek, where are the remarkable sculptures which the Baron de Bode has had the merit of first bringing to light. These sculptures are met with upon the face of two large monoliths, or detached rocks. The first represents an altar surmounted by a conical pile, round which a fillet is tied in a knot, with the two ends streaming downwards. This constant accompaniment of Sasanian sculptures, the Baron, in reference to those of the same age at Persepolis, explains at length, as the kosti, or sacred girdle, of the Gebres, described in the Zendavesta. Moore, in his *Lalla Rookh*, calls it Cushee. It is more particularly described by De Sacy in his *Persian Antiquities*, as distinguishing Iran from Aniran, as it is worn on the head, or as a belt. The motid or high-priest stands close by this altar; next to him a king or chieftain sits on a low stool, and nine attendants stand erect. Below is a figure on horseback combating a beast.

In the second sculpture, the principal figure is reclining on a couch of Egyptian character, holding in his right hand the circlet, which is the twisted kosti. Two figures are seated at the foot of the couch, each with an arrow-headed spear in the right hand. One of them has a sort of diadem on the head, consisting of

\* Vol. i. p. 244. the Baron gives from Buchor's *Arrian* as part of the inscription on Cyrus' tomb, "Je suis Cyrus, fils de Cambyse!"

six spreading rays, with little globules at the extremity of each ray. Most of these figures have the usual large wigs, or frizzled heads of hair.

The third bas-relief represents what appears to be a female figure on horseback, seated sideways, with the legs hanging down the right side of the horse, in full career, and carrying a spear horizontally. The figures—which, from their dwarfish size, would appear to represent Babylonians—are seen behind the rider, one hurling a stone, another unstringing a bow, while a third is prostrate.

Accompanying these sculptures, which are unlike any thing yet discovered in the adjacent countries, were some inscriptions in characters which M. Eugene Boré announces as having analogies with the graphical system of the Chaldeans and Phœnicians, and affinities with the Pelevi and Sabæan; perchance the language of the Elymites.

The Baron did not visit Mungasht, made known to us by Col. Rawlinson, but passed by the remarkable Sasanian gateway, called the lime toll-gate, to Tezeng; which he identifies with Tayyib, from the existence there of a talisman against scorpions; and Tayyib with Taboe, in which Antiochus is said to have expired, after his unsuccessful expedition against the fire-temples of the Elymites, and which were probably at Tengi Saulek, where Anahid may be the mounted female figure, as well as at Ardgan.

At Koleh Tal, the Baron met Mr. Layard, who accompanied him to Mal Amir, where the chief of the redoubtable Bakhtiyans was encamped, and with whom Mr. L. had been residing some months, having adopted the dress and manners of the people. This saved the Baron from what otherwise might have been a dangerous position. Mr. Layard is now, we are happy to say, on his way home; and there is no doubt that he will bring with him a more accurate account of the Persian Apennines, their tribes and antiquities, than we are yet in possession of. Nor will the novelties which he must infallibly bring from hitherto quite unexplored, and always most dangerous, countries, be at all diminished by the advantage of a practised pencil.

Arrived at Mal Amir, the Baron identifies the great causeway, which is here carried across the Persian Apennines, and which is called the Jaddehi-Atabeg, with the great ladder-road of Diodorus Siculus, and the Climax Megale of Pliny, and we think correctly. This so-called causeway of the Atabegs is a pavement from eight to nine feet in breadth; and between every fifteen or twenty blocks, broad slabs of stone are laid across the way, to keep the intermediate masonry firm.

It appears from Mr. Stocqueler's itinerary, that the road from Mal Amir to Isfahan meets another to Shiraz and Persepolis at a place called Felad (Pellant in Mr. Stocqueler's journal), and another route from Isfahan to Bebehan leaves at the same central mountain station, which is not far from the renowned plain of Semiram. This is of great importance in considering the movements of Alexander and his successors, as well as the lines of ancient commerce and communication.

In consequence of this positioning of the ladders or klimaks of Alexander's historians, the Baron is enabled to identify the ruins of Mal Amir with the celebrated Uxian city besieged by the Macedonian on his way from Susa to Persepolis. There are several great mounds on this plain, and some natural caves, where are very curious remains of antiquity.

The chief of these is what is described as an "immense" inscription in the arrow-headed character. There are also many bas-reliefs. Two colossal figures which Layard designates as mobids, and other figures of adults and children,—one man with a lock of hair falling down the right shoulder, somewhat in the Hebrew fashion; and a female, with a head-dress of the chaste style of the Grecian statues. This spot is now called Shikafit Salman, from a third cave said to contain the remains of Salman, tutor of Ali, and a joint incarnation in the doctrine of the Ali Ildris.

From Mal Amir the Baron travelled by the plain of Gulgir or of Sulphur, and Beilavend (without visiting the ruins of the fine temple now called Meschedi Suleiman Kutchuk) to Shuster; when he gets into better known ground. He, however, gives a pleasing sketch of the tomb of Daniel at Susa, which obtains additional interest now that Col. Rawlinson's theory of Susa being at the Shushan visited by Mr. Layard, has been satisfactorily shewn to be incorrect.

From Shuster, Susa, and Dizful, the Baron returned to Teheran, by Kil-ob (Kir-ab of Rawlinson), Khorremabad (where he copied a long Kufic inscription), and Burugird; thus crossing the Persian Apennines at another curious and difficult pass; but the greater part of which had already been explored by Col. Rawlinson, a traveller who leaves very few laurels behind him to be gathered by others. With the same excellent taste which we have already so prominently alluded to, the Baron has omitted all discussion upon the comparative or historical geography of the lower parts of the rivers of Susiana. He truly remarks, that the discovery of the Shapur river by Col. Chesney and the Euphrates expedition was the main step in the solution of the enigma which has puzzled so many commentators; and he admits, with Mr. Long, that it is the Ulai of Scripture, and the Eulzeus of classical antiquity. All that is now wanted, especially after Lt. Selby's researches are published, is, to put the whole mass of matter and discussion into a tangible form and a shape easy of comprehension: in fact, a good analytical view of the subject. But the regions east of the Kuran still remained immersed in darkness, and the Baron therefore took up that part of the subject in an appendix devoted to the consideration of the marches of Alexander and of Timur in those districts, and in which inquiry he has been further assisted by Mr. Renouard, in comparing the narratives of Timur's march with several manuscripts of the original work of Shevfu-d-din in the possession of the Hon. East India Company.

The Baron's work is a model as a book of travels, and forms a great contrast to some of the late turgid productions we have had from the East; all high-sounding words, without a single addition to the progress of knowledge. Simple and unaffected in his style, he avoids all details that are not new and interesting, while he is full and distinct when on new ground; and thus his work is a really valuable addition to geographical, antiquarian, and historical knowledge.

*The Book of Symbols, &c.* Pp. 506. London, Chapman and Hall.

WE do not think the title of this work very strictly applicable to its character, being "a series of essays, illustrative and explanatory of ancient moral precepts"—such as were enunciated by Plato, Pythagoras, Epictetus, Aristotle, Socrates, Solomon, and other glorious lights of antiquity. They embrace many highly interesting topics in literature, science, morals,

and religion, and are deserving of the praise due to research, talent, and soundness of virtuous teaching. Not perhaps to the extent of the claim set up by the writer himself, who, treating on so many subjects, self-examination, charity, modesty, flattery, &c., has certainly omitted an essay on vanity or egotism, and supplied its place by the following estimates of his own performance:

"In the composition of these essays we might have made a greater display of erudition, a greater show of research; we might have piled quotation upon quotation, authority upon authority, as Ossa on Pelion, till we had dazzled the learned, and confounded the wise; but we had regard to the age in which we live—well informed, but superficial; an age whirling all men on in giddy motion, in which neither time nor taste is favourable to deep study and patient thought, and perhaps wisely spared the infliction. So, instead of drawing men up to us, we have descended to the common level; instead of traversing the skies, we walk humbly on our native earth. Our desire in this lower sphere is, to make men good rather than learned, wise rather than erudite, Socratic rather than Aristotelian; above all, Christians rather than Pythagoreans. But in this circumscribed field, if we have purposely withheld some ideas and thoughts of a purely metaphysical kind, too deep for the uninitiated; or some peculiar discoveries in the maze of ancient theology, we have given all that need be said. And having spread the light of truth in full measure to the capacity of man, we cannot charge ourselves with any violation of the symbol before us. Thus much we have said in self-justification, lest the reader should accuse us wrongfully."

And again: "Let them (readers) remember it is falsehood and not truth that is arrayed in showy apparel; that the dress of wisdom herself is plain and simple. Let them remember that gold is in the ore before it is purified and made bright; that some most precious stones have by nature an uninviting aspect before being cut and polished. If they reflect on this, and turn to the contemplation of the symbols, they will most surely discover (what they conceived not at the first glance) that there is in them much that is wise and good, much that is noble and elevated, much that is pure and sublime, in morals and in philosophy, which wisdom, and goodness, and nobleness, and purity, we have rendered more illustrious and sublime by the light of Christian truth. This has been our aim and purpose. The religion of Christ has enabled us to gild some precepts dim from age, to polish others obscure from their language; to illustrate where the light of eternal truth was apparent to the eye, though faint; and finally, to perfect all by those divine ideas of the good alone to be found in that source of goodness and of perfection. In this way the thoughtful reader will be surprised at the result."

But, having allowed the writer to be his own critic, a post and duty not unfrequently desired by authors, it is but justice to him to cite a few passages in proof of the ability which he has brought to the illustration of his themes. Thus on preparation for death, he observes:

"That must be a poor spirit indeed, who can prefer the fleeting pleasures of this life to the beatitude of immortality. He who clings to life is hardly worthy of death. If premeditation on death be liberty, as says the sage Montaigne, then he who loves and clings to life as a child to its bauble is a veritable slave. Indifference to life and contempt of death is



true philosophy, and the sure ensigns of a great magnanimous spirit. What, indeed, is there in life that makes it so desirable?

"Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,  
Tis repetition all, and nothing new;  
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;  
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;  
A sea, where man perpetually is tost;  
Now plunged in business, now in lists lost."

On the effect of the body on the intellect, he curiously remarks:

"Those who have no taste for literary composition can have little conception of the effects of the mind on the body when so employed, whether on the blood, the animal spirits, or nervous system, we cannot say. Though the body be comparatively at rest, it develops all the signs of violent exercise; the perspiration flows as freely as if it had undergone some great physical effort. To prove that the result is no mere mechanical action, we shall find that no such effect follows upon the mere act of writing; as, for example, in copying or transcribing. Nor do we assume it happens in all cases; for we have noticed it only in those works that for the time deeply interested the mind, and engrossed all its faculties. This effect can only take place in spontaneous composition, when, as we have said, the mind is in a violent state of action. Another marvel in writing, or composing more properly, is, the speed with which time flies away; the day is gone, and the night overtakes us, when the labour of the day seems only begun. This rapid passage of time is a theme of perpetual regret to the student. He who most values time, to him it appears of shorter duration than to others. The sustained activity of the mind during so many hours, and the little fatigue felt by the body, prove how much real excitement exists."

On another literary subject, he writes:

"We may say with some truth, that an obscure writer resembles the cuttle-fish, which possesses a peculiar faculty, noticed by Plutarch, of emitting a black liquid from under the neck, by which it perturbs the water, conceals itself from view, and escapes its adversaries. It was this property which, no doubt, swayed our great moralist to make it the foundation of a symbol. The cuttle-fish becomes typical of deceivers, of secret enemies, of mystical writers or sophistical reasoners, and of that great body of men who take a secret delight in perturbing the crystal fount of truth. Of that body, too, who dress up vice in the garb of virtue, and secretly undermine the principles of morals by confounding vice with virtue and virtue with vice."

And further on:

"We have too many writers, because all are readers. The number of books leave men no leisure to think. This may be called the reading age; it is not certainly entitled to be called a thinking era. We now pay men to think for us; but those we pay—the authors—have no more time to think than the readers. The demand on literary talent is incessant; and if the supply is to be proportionate, how can the writers think and digest? The consequence is, that original thought is now almost unknown; our books are mere copies, versions, or compilations. The ideas and thoughts of past times have supplied an inexhaustible fund to modern writers; but the gold has been beaten so thin, that a whole book is written to illustrate one idea; or, to use a figure, we must now search through a bushel of chaff for one single grain of corn. Old books are books of thought; present books are mere combinations of words. Verbosity is as common in writing as loquacity in speaking. We are literally overwhelmed with words; we begin to take the sound for

the sense, as if a mere ingenious string of lines in metre and rhyme can constitute poetry! One reason for this state of things may be assigned to the hasty manner in which books are now written. As we are better educated, better informed, and, in some respects, more enlightened than our immediate ancestors, our literature should have advanced in proportion; whereas it has certainly degenerated, and assumed a retrograde movement. Not, perhaps, because of want of talent or want of learning, but because of want of patience, and of labour bestowed. The variety desired by every one is an enemy to excellence. As the discursive reader goes from book to book, so the writer aims at the diversified talent of writing on every subject. The dread of ignorance in this age drives us to know every thing—a little of every subject, than which there can be no greater enemy to perfection and excellence in any one thing. It seems to be a law of the human mind, that it can never attain a perfect knowledge but of one thing at a time; this only is to be attained by close attention and by undivided study. The most perfect mechanic, the most perfect indeed in any thing, is he who limits himself to one single branch, by which constant practice leads at length to excellence."

With only one addition we will close these specimens:

"If printing has created books, it has also indirectly created readers; while readers again have in proportion created writers. Some men digest books, some read them for information, but most read them for amusement, as a pastime or luxury. The latter class of society being by far the greatest, and consequently the least reflecting, a vast body of writers have come into being to satisfy their eager demands. They are shallow, careless, and superficial writers, but so are the readers they design to please. It is for this class that books are made, not composed. Not so much that the writers are incapable by want of ability, but because pecuniary motives sway them; and to gratify their love of money, they run a race in which time is every thing, perfection or excellence nothing. It appears to us, as not indifferent spectators, that this universal diffusion of knowledge, and the effect of the multiplication of books, are rapidly bringing all minds down to one common level. This impression is sadly confirmed by the disappearance of learning from the world and the gradual decline of the higher branches of literature. There is no real encouragement for works of a solid and substantial kind; and hence the slow but certain decay of those great branches of literature which in past times shed such a lustre over the history of the human mind."

#### JODOKINSON'S AUSTRALIA.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

The timber appears to grow to an enormous size.

"A medical gentleman in Norfolk Island measured an *Araucaria excelsa*, the dimensions of which were as follows: diameter, near the ground, twelve feet; and at the height of eighty feet, nearly nine feet. The total height of the tree was 267 feet. \* \* \*

"On entering the brush bordering on this river, we experienced considerable annoyance from the great quantity of nettle-tree saplings. My hands and arms soon ached from the poisonous touch of its leaves, and our horses suffered very much; one of them threw himself on the ground, snorting convulsively with pain.

The nettle-tree attains a very large size at the MacLeay and Nambucca, being often six feet in diameter, and of a corresponding height; its wood is very soft and spongy, and its leaves, which are of great size, resemble in shape the leaves of the mulberry, and at the same time possess the bright green velvet appearance of the geranium-leaf. The slightest touch of one of these leaves occasions a most acute stinging pain; but horses suffer infinitely worse than men from contact with the leaves of the nettle-tree, as their skin rises in large blisters, and great temporary constitutional derangement seems to take place."

The extraordinary appearance and difficulties of the woods, in consequence of the immense growth of creepers, is such that they make perfectly impassable mats of the trees from the ground to their topmost branches, whence they hang in festoons of indescribable luxuriance. Of their inhabitants, we are told:

"The largest kangaroo I ever saw was killed close to my tents at Munga creek at the MacLeay river; it weighed very nearly 250 pounds, and disabled one of the dogs which had attacked him. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that the kangaroo only uses his forefeet for grazing or digging. He advances by a succession of leaps, in making which his tail, which he carries at right angles to his body, is of great service; some of them have been known in these leaps to spring over obstacles 8 feet high. \* \* \*

"On traversing the dense brushes of New South Wales, the sportsman, as he climbs over the prostrate timber, and crawls under the entangled creepers and briars, must take care that he does not put his hand on some venomous snake. These disagreeable reptiles are particularly abundant in the north-eastern part of the territory of the colony, where the country is so brushy and swampy. Nearly all the snakes of New South Wales are poisonous; for of ten species that have been examined by naturalists, seven were ascertained to be highly venomous. The popular names of the most common varieties are as follow:

"The diamond snake. This snake is beautifully variegated by black and yellow lozenge-shaped marks, from whence it derives its name. It has a small neck compared with the size of its head, and is rather slender in proportion to its length, which is about eight or ten feet, although it frequently attains the length of fourteen, and sometimes even sixteen, feet. I have heard of instances of a greater size than this, but it was on the rather questionable authority of stockmen and sawyers; I have never seen a diamond snake myself longer than fourteen feet. It feeds on kangaroo-rats, bandicoots, young pademelias, and quails, and is said to be poisonous, which I am inclined to think is not the case.

"The carpet snake is so similar to the diamond snake that the only distinction between them seems to be that one has a white belly and the other a yellow one. Whilst Mr. Montgomery Martin was in New South Wales, a native brought to him at Paramatta a snake belonging to one of these varieties, which was fourteen feet in length. Mr. Martin tried various poisons on it without effect; but large doses of calomel speedily destroyed life.

"The brown snake. A very venomous species. The yellow snake. This variety attains a large size, and its bite is mortal.

"The whip snake. This is the only arboreal

\* "Lieut. Breton once saw an instance of a kangaroo clearing fifteen yards at one spring in descending a slope!"

or tree-snake that I am acquainted with in the colony. It is a handsome agile reptile, extremely long in comparison to its size, and derives its name from its resemblance to a large whip. It is of a greenish colour, with yellow underneath.

"The ring snake. A small species, marked by alternate black and white rings.

"The death adder. This hideous reptile is of a dusky hue, seldom more than two feet and a half long, but immensely thick in proportion to its length. At the extremity of its tail is a small pointed, hardened process, with which the sawyers and labourers fancy that it can inflict a sting like a scorpion. The death adder, perhaps, possesses the most intense venom of any Australian serpent; for many persons have at various periods died in consequence of its bite, which is most rapidly fatal. Dogs expire in a very few minutes after they are bitten. Another smaller kind of snake, of a brown colour, would, however, appear to be nearly as bad as the death adder; for since I have been in the colony, a man at the Williams river was bitten by a snake of this description, and died in a quarter of an hour. This snake was under a plank which the man was removing, and so slight was the bite inflicted by its fangs that the man did not know at first that he was bitten, and remarked to his comrade that he had a narrow escape. The death adder is extremely sluggish in its habits, and rarely moves out of the way of persons approaching it; I am, therefore, inclined to think that the original popular name assigned to this reptile must have been deaf adder instead of the death adder.\*

"The black snake. This species is of extremely active habits, bold, strong, and very vindictive if assailed. The general length of this snake near Sydney is about four or five feet; but more to the northward it attains the length of eight feet. Its colour, as its name implies, is of a leaden black, with scarlet bands on its belly. This is one of the most common snakes, especially in the northern part of the colony, and is very venomous; although Dr. Shaw, who first described it in his work on Zoology, did not consider it a venomous species. I have, however, known too many instances to the contrary to have any doubt as to its being venomous; and I see that M. Lesson, the distinguished French naturalist, who accompanied the Coquille in her voyage in the South Seas, has especially noticed the extreme venom of this kind of snake under the name of *Naja porphyrica*.

"The poison of the generality of Australian snakes appears to act differently from that of the rattle-snake of America, or the viper of Europe; for, whereas the poison of the latter species creates immediately a marked effect on the punctured wound, causing violent swelling, intense pain, and a yellow or livid hue over the surface, the bite of Australian snakes does not cause much pain or inflammation in the wound itself, but seems principally to affect the whole nervous system, rapidly causing the patient to fall into a comatose state. In this respect the poison resembles that of the asp of Egypt."

To these touches of natural history we shall add but little. The author speaks highly of the soil and climate on this side of the country,

\* "Lieut. Breton mentions that a man who was bitten by a death adder died in a short period, with blood gushing from his eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, and the body became instantaneously a mass of putrefaction, so that it was with difficulty removed into a grave."

and declares it to be quite adapted for the raising of all tropical products, coffee, sugar, tobacco, cotton, &c.; and for the profitable cultivation of the vine as a source of national prosperity in the making and export of fine wines, resembling the best vintages of the south of France. He corrects several geographical and statistical errors in Mr. Montgomery Martin's history of our colonies; and, we regret to see, does not hold out any immediate hope of the country being extricated from its present confusion and distress—the results of many contributing causes, which are ably discussed. He declares (and, as we have said, his statements and opinions are much to be relied upon):

"Whatever may be the predominant cause of the present deplorable state of affairs in Sydney, I do not think that confidence and a healthy tone will reappear among the commercial community of that city until all those traders and merchants (who are not able to meet their engagements, and are now striving to hang back from the fatal goal of insolvency, to which they must perforce arrive sooner or later) pass away, and are succeeded by a new class of merchants, possessing the full confidence of respectable houses in England; men, for instance, totally unconnected with all previous colonial transactions, and consequently never involved in that frantic mania for speculating so far beyond their means, and those reprobative practices of mutual accommodation, partial discounting, systematic bill-dishonouring, &c., which have stamped a stigma on the mercantile community of New South Wales that will require a long time to efface in the minds of those persons in England who have suffered from their connexion with that colony."

Colonisation does indeed require the earnest attention of our rulers, to amend what has been done, and to shape future proceedings in a way that shall be serviceable to the mother country and beneficial to the swarms of settlers she finds it expedient to send forth.

To conclude: we are sorry to find Mr. Hodgkinson impute much blame to the "salaried Protectors of Aborigines," as having rendered the natives in the parts where they reside more audacious and irreclaimable than any where else. The soothing system, he assures us, will not do with them any more than with the convicts on Norfolk Island.

*India and Lord Ellenborough.* Pp. 123.

London, W. H. Dalton.

THIS is a calm discussion and impartial and masterly exposition of the recent epoch in Indian affairs, and the probable line of policy which will be pursued in regard to the empire and the powers of the Court of Directors, which the writer contends could not be impaired or limited without a gross breach of national faith, and consequently not within the bounds of likelihood. The recall of Lord Ellenborough is of necessity a prominent subject; and, like the rest, treated with great skill and without prejudice. We cordially recommend the pamphlet to all who have an interest in Indian politics and dividends, and to the public at large.

*Christmas Festivities: Tales, Selections, and Characters. With Beauties of the Modern Drama, in Four Specimens.* By John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry," &c. Pp. 324. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE best compliment we can pay to this selection from the writings of Mr. Poole during some twenty years, is, that most of them are so strongly impressed on our memory (amid all

the superabundant turmoil and confusion of occasional authorship), that we find very little novelty in the volume. The public generally, however, not being so conversant with matters of the sort, will find much amusement, dry and caustic humour, and a keen observation of the follies of the day, in these pages.

A characteristic likeness of the author is prefixed; and while he charges one end of Marlborough Street in a Prefix, he in the next page dedicates to another end in the person of the able magistrate, Mr. John Hardwick. This is a laughable coincidence enough, for it looks like a police-case.

*Freemason's Calendar and Pocket-Book for 1845.*

Printed for the Grand Lodge, and published for the Benefit of the Charity-Fund. London, R. Spencer; and all Booksellers in Town and Country.

THIS is not only a *vade mecum* for all good masons from the intelligence it supplies respecting every matter connected with the Craft, but an excellent general Almanac, and one of the neatest and most convenient Pocket-books we have seen. It is bound in a soft pliable manner, held by an elastic clasp, and handsomely fitted with recesses in true-blue silk; so that loose memoranda may be kept, as well as those which there is ample space for recording in the ruled pages, for every day in the year! The titles of nearly 740 masonic lodges are given, and all other necessary information about the chief staff, charities, meetings, &c. And there is besides a very full and accurate account and lists of public establishments, the peerage, parliament, law-courts, and the like. On the whole, even were its proceeds not devoted to a generous and benevolent purpose, worthy of the brethren of the mystic level, we should say that it is most deserving of a preference by the community at large.

*The Mosaic Workers: a Tale of Venice.* Pp. 190. London, H. G. Clarke and Co.

WITH *The Orco*, a tradition, translated from the French of George Sand, this is a little book of curious and interesting information relating to the fine arts generally; to the art of mosaic working particularly; and to the artists famous for either at Venice in the age of Titian and Tintoretto; and of the Zuccati, whose productions in the latter style are yet among the most striking features of that city of beauties and wonders. An instructive and characteristic tale develops the circumstances of their lives and works; and the little volume will be read with advantage both for its intelligence and talent.

*The Peace Reading-Book.* Edited by H. G. Adams. Pp. 168. London, C. Gilpin.

A GOOD readable selection from many quarters of passages which condemn the curse of war, and endeavour to promote the blessing of peace. These are mingled with a number of well-meant moral quotations encouraging to virtue and discouraging to vice.

*Sermons for the Seasons of Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. London, G. W. Nickisson.

FOURTEEN sermons for these glad seasons of the Christian church, written with a simplicity and earnestness that bespeak the true minister of the gospel; and, in these sad times of doctrinal disputation and of strife for outward forms, a most welcome volume.

*Tractarianism not of God. Sermons.* By C. B. Tayler, M.A. Pp. 304. Longmans.

THE pious and moral inculcations of Mr. Tayler in all that ever he has published have always met with our sincere commendation; his affect-

ing and simple style imparting at the same time grace to his sentiments and force to his arguments. Only saying that we mislike the dogmatic sound of the above title-page, we can safely repeat our praise of the excellent and reverend author's present sermons.

*Nugæ Poeticae. Select Pieces of Old English Popular Poetry, illustrating the Manners and Arts of the Fifteenth Century.* Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., &c. 12mo. London, J. Russell Smith.

THIS little volume, of which only a hundred copies have been printed, contains a curious collection of previously inedited poems of a class which is very rare in our older literature. The first is a burlesque under the title of *Colyn Bloubo's Testament*, and represents a drunkard making a very drunken will. The second of these poems, entitled *The Debate of the Carpenter's Tools*, is very interesting, as giving the names and uses of all the tools of a carpenter of the fifteenth century. The tools dispute about the character of their master, and the carpenter's wife joins with those who speak ill of her husband. Then comes a good metrical tale of the *Merchant and his Son*, which is followed by a number of miscellaneous short pieces, among which are an *Elegy on Lobe, Henry VIII's Fool*, and the excellent old legend of *Robert of Cicily*. We will only add, that the texts are very carefully edited by Mr. Halliwell, and accompanied by a few illustrative notes.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 11.—Admiral Sir C. Malcolm, president, in the chair. Eight members were elected. Two papers were read:—1. "On the natives of Puget Sound, the Straits of Jean de Fuca, and the Gulf of Georgia, but more particularly the Chenooks, the Shimsheans, and the Pilbellas," by Mr. W. Stoddard. 2. "On the language of the Oregon territory," by Prof. Latham. The Chenooks inhabit the north side of the Columbia river. They are of slender form, short stature, and effeminate features. They pierce the ears and the septum of the nose, and flatten the head; bury their dead in canoes; and live principally on salmon. The Shimsheans number about 1200, and inhabit the north-west coast of America, from 55° 30' N. down to 55° 30' N. They are a shade lighter than the New Zealander, and the women particularly fair. The girls wear a piece of bone, pin-formed, through the lower lip, which on their marriage is removed for one of oval shape and of large size. Several rings are worn on their fingers and one in the septum of the nose, and bracelets round the wrists. The hair is neatly platted into a tail, and the eyebrows are trimmed with great precision. They burn their dead, and, as a mourning rite, blacken their faces and cut off their hair. Of sea-weed and the inner bark of the hemlock they make cakes. The Pilbellas are divided into three villages. They are robust and well-made. The dead bodies of the chiefs lie in state for two days covered with a white shirt. The face is painted vermillion, and the head covered with white down. A natural cave is the sepulchre of this tribe. The natives of Fraser's river propagate a species of the wolf-dog which periodically produce a crop of long white hair, which is manufactured into blankets. They live in well-made, permanent houses of cedar-wood. Appended to the paper were short Shimshean and Pilbella vocabularies. The languages dealt with by Prof. Latham were those from Russian America down

to New California, which he considers amount to nineteen which are mutually unintelligible. The differences between the Athabaskan languages of the Oregon and the Nootka Columbian languages of the Oregon are, according to Prof. Latham, the differences between the Latin and Greek, the Welsh and Gaelic, the German and Icelandic, rather than those between the German and Russian, the Latin and Persian, the Greek and Lithuanic. In addition to the groups mentioned, Prof. Latham named a third group, those of Russian America. Besides a careful digest of the vocabularies of the Oregon territory, amounting to forty-five, Prof. Latham placed the Atua and Friendly Village language in its true position, which must be considered an important step in American ethnology.

##### MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 11.—Prof. Bell, president, in the chair. A paper, by the Rev. J. B. Reade, "On animals of the chalk still found in a recent state in the stomachs of oysters," was read. After some introductory remarks, Mr. Reade stated that a consideration of the well-known ciliary currents in the fringe of the oyster induced him to examine the contents of the stomach under the expectation of finding some minute forms of infusoria, which, in the absence of locomotive power, compensated by the beautiful contrivance just alluded to, might reasonably be expected to form the food of the creature. His expectations were fulfilled. In the stomach of every oyster examined by him he found myriads of living monads; the vibrio also in great abundance and activity; and swarms of a conglomerated and citiated living organism, to which he proposed to give the name of *Folvox ostrearius*. But the most remarkable circumstance was, the presence of other infusoria, having silicious loriceæ, belonging to the family of the bacillaria, and similar to those which in the fossil strata constitute the chief bulk of the chalk. They were:

*Actinocyclus fasciola*, *Coscinodiscus minor*, *C. patina*, *C. radiatus*, *Dietyocha aculeata*, *D. fibula*, *D. speculum*, *Gallionella sulcata*, *Navicula entomon*, *Tripodiscus argus*, *Xanthidium furcatum*, *X. hirsutum*, *Zygoceros rhombus*, *Z. surirella*, and two new species of this genus.

The whole of these, together with some other well-known species of bacillaria and polythalamia, were found alive in the stomachs of oysters. Having thus established the identity of the present infusoria, which form the food of oysters, with the fossils of the chalk, he next proceeded to examine the contents of the fossil oysters of the Kimmeridge clay; and in these, as well as in the surrounding clay, he also found abundance of similar fossils.

The inferences drawn from these observations were, first, that the ciliary movements of oysters, and from analogy those of other bivalves, are the means by which these creatures are supplied with food, consisting of minute infusoria and polythalamia, which food, from the absence of sand and other extraneous bodies, they evidently have a power of selecting; and, secondly, that many of these infusoria, being similar to those found in a fossil state in the chalk and other secondary formations, supply that link in the great geological chain of organised beings, formerly supposed to be wanting, between the cretaceous and antecedent series and the series of subsequent formations.

##### PARIS LETTER.

Paris, 14th Dec. 1844.

*Academy of Sciences*: sitting of the 9th Dec.—M. Pelouze read a memoir on the chemical

properties of lactic acid, a sequel to his and M. Jules Gay-Lussac's work, submitted to the Academy in 1833. Lactic acid is a colourless substance, soluble in all proportions of water, and excessively sweet. The formula of its composition is  $C^5 H^6 O^5 = C^6 H^5 O^4, HO$ . Subjected to the action of heat, at a temperature of about 130°, a colourless liquid—water holding in solution a small quantity of the acid—passes away, and nothing more, after a long action. When the whole of the water is evaporated, the residue is of a yellow tint, and has become a solid, easily fusible, very bitter, almost insoluble in water, but very soluble in alcohol and ether. This residue, according to M. Pelouze, is the anhydrous lactic acid of which lactates are formed, and it is composed of five equivalents of carbon, five of hydrogen, and five of oxygen; or  $C^5 H^5 O^5$ . M. Pelouze classes lactic acid with maleic and cænanthic in regard to its behaviour in combining with bases. Besides lactide, whose formula is given as  $C^5 H^4 O^4$ , another product of the distillation of lactic acid is called lactone, and bears the same relation to lactic as acetone to acetic acid; its composition is  $C^{10} H^8 O^4$ .

MM. Bernard and Barreswil by experiments have determined the presence of lactic acid in the gastric juice.

M. H. Rose wrote that he has discovered in the "tantalite de Bavière" two new metals, which he names *pelopium* and *niobium*, the latter from *Niobe*, the daughter of Tantalus.

M. Dumas communicated chemical researches, by M. Melsens, on *melanose*, a black matter met with in the lungs of old people, supposed to be carbon. Much doubt exists as to the nature of melanose, and principally because of the difficulty of isolating it. Once, and once only, M. Melsens found in the lungs compact black matter in layers, having a brilliant metallic fracture, very hard, infusible, burning on platina without flame and with scarcely any odour. This matter, burned with oxygen, gave the following results:—0.1525 of matter dried at 120° left 0.006 of ashes; hence, 0.1465 of real matter gave 0.011 water and 0.519 carbonic acid, which gives  $H=0.83$ , and  $C=96.61$ .

M. A. Chevallier states that charcoal is capable of uniting with metallic oxides, separating them from the solution in which these oxides may be combined with acids, and forming insoluble compounds, setting the acids free. This property of charcoal, he says, in cases of medical jurisprudence, has been the cause of errors when charcoal has been employed to discolour liquids in which metallic salts have been found.

*French Antiquarian Intelligence*.—Some remains of Roman buildings have been lately found in the country between Limoges and Clermont, near a village named Felletin. A large field was observed to contain considerable quantities of Roman bricks and tiles; and this led to the farther discovery of fragments of walls with painted stucco. A few fragments of bronzes, and some coins of Gallienus and Tetricus, were dug up on this spot.—On the Place des Jacobins at Limoges, some recent excavations have laid bare numerous Roman structures. Much pottery-ware and some coins of Adrian have been found among them.—At Sonchamp, near Rambouillet, upwards of 1200 Roman coins of different dates of the middle empire have been found, besides numerous fragments of vases of Roman workmanship.—Some curious Roman objects, such as a sword, a bipennis or double axe, an eagle, and a legionary standard, have been lately dug up at Sens. On the standard is this inscription, surrounded by an oval border:



I. C.  
GALLIA DEVICTA

III

The oval itself is enclosed in an oblong, the corners of which have these letters in them :

L.X. — L.X.

M. Lenormant infers from this that the standard belonged to the first cohort of the tenth legion. —Among the ruins of the ancient Commandery of the order of Malta, at Sainte-Anne in the Haute Vienne, several stone graves or coffins have been dug into. This Commandery had once belonged to the Templars, and among the skeletons found in these coffins were pieces of money bearing the Templar cross.—In the crypt under the cathedral of Limoges there is still to be seen a fresco painting of the Saviour, dating from the twelfth century at least. It is on part of the vaulting of the older portion of the edifice, built A.D. 1095, and nearly all destroyed in the century named above. This is one of the earliest frescos known.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 11.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—C. W. Blunt, Trin. Coll.; T. H. N. Hill, St. John's College; J. C. Dean, Christ's College; W. Laing, St. John's College.

*Bachelor in the Civil Law*.—J. D. Denman, St. John's College, grand compounder.

*Bachelor in Physic*.—A. Williams, B.A., Trin. Coll., grand compounder.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—C. P. Wilbraham, St. Peter's College; W. H. Wright, Jesus College.

#### SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

THIS society held its second meeting on the 17th instant; Mr. J. Lee in the chair. Ten new members were elected, among whom were five ladies. Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth, hon. vice-president of the Institut d'Afrique, and Mr. C. Johnston, the Abyssinian traveller, were elected upon the council.

The first paper read was "On Pharaoh and his princes," by Mr. I. Cullimore. It was a learned memoir, recording the author's views of the dynastic changes in the ancient Egyptian government, as it successively took the forms of a pentarchy, tetrarchy, dynarchy, monarchy, and dodecharchy, in answer to what he believed to be the unscriptural hypothesis of the thirty dynasties of the historian Manetho, representing a consecutive monarchy, as also on the theories founded on its basis.

This was followed by a communication from Mr. N. G. Mussabini, in which he informed the society that Mr. Westergaard, who is occupied in establishing the common origin of the Mogul and Sanscrit languages, has ascertained the existence of Zend or Gebr worship, and of followers of Zoraster, at Yezd. This fact had been long anticipated, and is noticed in our review of Baron de Bode's travels; also that Colonel Rawlinson, now resident at Bagdad, was preparing for publication a great work upon the Babylonian and Persepolitan inscriptions, which he is known to have been able to decipher to a considerable extent. Some account was also added of the progress of the excavations at Horsabad, carried on by MM. Botta and Flaudin.

A paper was then read by Dr. W. H. F. Yates, the hon. secretary of the society, upon the obelisks of Egypt, being remarks upon the origin, history, and characters of these very remarkable monuments of antiquity. This paper was well adapted for a popular audience, and was illustrated by models and numerous drawings. The walls of the room were, indeed, covered with sketches of Egyptian antiquities, in illustration

both of Mr. Cullimore and Dr. Yates' papers, among which an oil painting of considerable merit, by Mr. C. F. Barker, a young artist, son of the former consul-general of Egypt of same name, and representing the twin colossal statues at Thebes, sitting in a solitary moonlight, attracted much attention.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Dec. 19.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. A communication was read from Mr. Thomas Lott, describing some ecclesiastical remains, apparently of the 16th century, beneath the houses in Bow Churchyard. They consist of several vaulted chambers of stone, of very massive character, with arches of ribbed masonry, like those of old London Bridge. In one of them are triangular recesses similar to those in ancient ecclesiastical edifices for containing the holy water. In making researches to ascertain whether there were the remains of any ancient monastery, Mr. Lott met with two deeds, viz. grants by letters patent of King Henry VIII. of property in Bow Lane held of the suppressed monastery of Elsing Spital. In one of these, a beautifully illuminated margin contains a well-executed painting of the king, evidently exhibiting a faithful likeness of the absolute monarch. These deeds, together with the ancient parish-seal of St. Mary-le-Bow, excited much interest.

The Central Committee of the British Archaeological Association contributed a paper by Mr. E. T. Artis, read at the Canterbury meeting, "On some fragments of Roman sculpture and a potter's kiln found in Northamptonshire." Carefully executed drawings of the former were forwarded, and a model of the latter, with specimens of the various kinds of pottery dried in it, were exhibited. The author gave a detailed and interesting explanation of the mode adopted by the Romano-Britons in forming, colouring, and ornamenting these home-made fictile vessels.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 28.—A memoir was read, "On some Grecian antiquities observed in Sicily," by Mr. J. Hogg. It was remarked by the late Dr. E. D. Clarke, that the origin of the Ionic volute, and also of the symbol denoting water, figured on friezes, gems, &c. by the Greek artists, have reference to a certain plant, at present unknown, which he pronounces to be aquatic. A vase which attracted Mr. Hogg's attention in the collection of the Prince of Biscari at Catania, suggested to him the verification of this idea, and its extension to other architectural ornaments of the Greeks, though with reference to a kind of plant different from that imagined by Dr. Clarke. On this vase is a representation of a winged genius pouring water from a jug upon the identical plant alluded to by the learned traveller. It is furnished with volute-shaped tendrils or *cirri*, and is identified by Mr. Hogg with the tendrilled clematis, or *Clematis cirrosa* of Linnæus, which is indigenous in Sicily and Greece. This plant deriving its name from its resemblance to a branch or a shoot of the vine, *κλήμα*, and being occasionally confounded with the *ἄμπελος ἀγρία*, the wild vine, Mr. Hogg considers that it was regarded by the Greeks and Græco-Sicilians as emblematic of the vine itself. Portions—chiefly the grapes, leaves, and tendrils, of the latter plant, which, as holy and sacred to Dionysius, occupied a distinguished place in many of the Grecian rites—are often found delineated on fictile vases; but as its flowers are small and insignificant, the Greek artists, when-

ever they had occasion for some floral ornament on their temples, sacred vessels, &c., were compelled to seek some climbing shrub, with a larger and more beautiful flower, which might be, as much as possible, in all respects resembling, and therefore symbolical of, that justly venerated plant; and as the ivy, though in many points possessing this character, was liable to the same objection, the clematis, which closely resembles the vine, especially the wild variety, was naturally selected for that purpose on account of its bearing in profusion large and handsome flowers. Mr. Hogg's paper was accompanied by drawings, illustrating the application of the *Clematis cirrosa* in its various parts—leaves, flowers, tendrils, &c. to Grecian ornaments; and in particular identifying its tendrils with the curling ornament—a resemblance in miniature of the Ionic volute, which, on gems and fictile vases, represents water. The honeysuckle, a favourite flower in the works of the Greek artists, was applied to a different class of ornaments, though still, like the clematis, with a typical reference to the vine and its qualities. Besides the arguments in support of his main idea, the author's researches likewise tended to the confirmation of the interesting fact, that the plants and flowers represented on objects of ancient art, especially on such as were destined for sacred uses, are never merely ornamental, but are always hieroglyphical or symbolic indices of some religious or traditional idea.

Nineveh.—The *Augsburg Gazette* gives an interesting account of the prosecution of M. Botta's researches at Nineveh, where he has 160 workmen employed in excavating. It states that besides the walls, covered with sculptures and inscriptions, many antiquities of a peculiar and as yet inexplicable nature are met with. For example: under the large bricks, of which the floor consists, are stone repositories, which are filled with small clay enamelled figures of men and beasts, without any thing on the surface indicating their existence. In another place were discovered great rows of earthen vases, of a remarkable size, placed on a brick floor, and filled with human bones, and similar to those which have been found at Babylon, Ahwaz, and other places in south Persia. The palace seems to have been totally plundered before its destruction; for neither jewels, nor instruments, nor even the small cylinders so numerous in the neighbourhood, are any where found; merely some bronze images of beasts (for instance, a very fine lion), and also a part of the bronze wheel of a war-chariot. But the most incomprehensible circumstance is, that the alabaster slabs with which the walls are cased, and which are covered with inscriptions and sculptures, bear on the back, likewise, inscriptions in arrow-headed characters, and certainly not in the Assyrian, but in the Babylonian language. As it is not to be supposed that the architects would have been so foolish as to have graven these inscriptions where no one could have seen them without pulling down the wall, it must be presumed that the slabs have served twice, first belonging to a Babylonian palace, and afterwards have been transposed by the Assyrians and freshly graven. At present no sculptures have been found on the back, which would, indeed, be of the greatest interest. Some of the lately found bas-reliefs are especially remarkable; for instance, one representing the siege of a town situate on an island; the sea is covered with ships, the fore part of which form a horse's head, and which are occupied in bringing the trunks of trees for the

purpose of erecting a dam. The water is covered with all kinds of marine animals—fishes, crabs, and winged sea-horses. The richness of the details, and the mass of sculpture which the palace contains, are amazing, and it is incomprehensible how so magnificent a building should have been so strangely buried in the earth. The French ambassador at Constantinople has not yet obtained permission from the Porte to send to Paris those articles of antiquity which will bear transport.

**Persian Antiquities.**—Letters from Bagdad state that Major Rawlinson had returned from his expedition to the frontiers, where he had visited Bisutum, and spent some days in copying and deciphering the important cuneiform or arrow-headed inscriptions which are found upon the great rock at that place; the ruins of which are believed to mark the site of Baghistana, a name intimately connected with the ancient Assyrian history and with the expedition of Semiramis. Major Rawlinson had succeeded some years ago in deciphering a portion of the inscription, in the simple cuneiform, and in a dialect of the Pehlevi, Zend, or ancient Persian language, and had believed the inscription to contain certain annals of Persian history. His former supposition is now completely confirmed; and the inscriptions contain a history of the kingdom under the Kyanian dynasty down to the middle of the reign of Darius (qu. Hystaspes?), whose effigy is represented in the sculpture above as the conquering king, and who himself caused the sculptures and inscriptions to be made on the rock. The inscriptions are well known; but, from the almost inaccessible position they occupy, no one had hitherto succeeded in copying them.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.  
Tuesday.—Zoological, 8½ P.M.  
Wednesday.—Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

*The Sermon on the Mount.* Illuminated by Owen Jones. London, Longmans.

We last week noticed the *Diary of Anne of Brittany* as the most magnificent volume that had ever been produced by the English or any other press; and we are now called upon to describe another production in the modern style of superb illustration also most richly embellished, though in a somewhat different manner. The frontispiece represents the Saviour discoursing to his disciples, &c., as in ancient missals, with the first verse of the chapter inserted below; and every following page contains several verses of the text, surrounded by borders of flowers beautifully coloured, on grounds of gold or variously ornamented designs, producing a very charming effect. The conclusion and Amen are superb examples of this art, carried to the utmost of Mr. Jones' taste and skill. But we are not sure that we have not been equally struck and pleased by the way in which the sermon is engraved on the white paper—paper we call it, though it more resembles the most pure and polished ivory. We have never seen aught to match with this; and the small figure with the title inserted on the outside of the binding is the truest index to the brilliancy within. Our copy too is bound by Hayday, in a manner which we would advise the admirers of the most handsome and appropriate workmanship of this kind to adopt. It is quite in keeping with the interior, and both combined form one of those

gems of scriptural remembrance and gifts of artistic beauty which are so admirably adapted for this season of the year.

**The Beauties of the Opera.** London, D. Bogue. FLOURISHES onwards. We have now Part IX. before us, and devoted to Don Juan; the bachelor libertine modification of the married Don Punch, with a Leporello instead of a Toby to attend him in the adventurous passages of his lawless life. Sontag as Anna, by Paul Delaroche, is a beautiful frontispiece. The Sylphide with Taglioni's portrait, Ondine with Cerito, the Huguenots (two parts) with Dorus Gras and Malle. Elssler, very cleverly and amusingly illustrated, have appeared since our notice of the first three parts (*Lit. Gaz.*, Nos. 1426, 1429, and 1433); and there is no falling off in the spirit and execution of this popular dramatic work.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

EDWARD CORBOULD, ESQ.

WE deeply lament to have to record the death of this accomplished artist, in the prime of life, and, as it is said, on the eve of a marriage with Lady Chantry, the widow of the late eminent sculptor, to whom he was upon a visit at St. Leonard's at the time of the unfortunate casualty. It seems doubtful whether Mr. Corbould was killed by a fall from his horse, or fell from it in a fit, which deprived him of existence. He was an artist of great talent, versatility, fancy, and taste, to which almost innumerable productions bear ample testimony.

#### THE DRAMA.

**Adelphi.**—The Adelphi has begun the course with Mr. Dickens's *Chimes*, which will soon sound through our gregarious theatres, as if they were churches. At this house it was skillfully put upon the stage on Wednesday, by the experienced talent of Messrs. A'Beckett and M. Lemon, who, in selecting the scenes for representation, pretty nearly divided the comic and the pathetic, allotting the comic to the first two acts (or quarters, as the bills call them), and the pathetic to the last two, with the exception of the *finale*, which goes off with the never-failing resource of a dance by the *dramatis persone*. The cast of the characters is very good. O. Smith realises *Trotty* with perfect truth, and gives his simplicity with a quiet unction that tells from first to last. His slight touches of feeling, too, are exceedingly natural, and the humility with which he more than half assents to the degradation of his class—"all bad," "intruders" upon society, and having "no business here"—is portrayed with genuine art. Miss Fortescue, as his daughter *Meg*, is equally successful, from the lively bridal girl of the *entré* through all her (dreamed) scenes of married wretchedness. She made her countenance admirably up for the pining and wretched mother and widow, the starved sempstress, in whom the author has personated Hood's Song of a Shirt; and her acting was throughout so touching as to draw many a tear. The next best part in the drama is *Will Fern*, and played with great force by Hudson, though out of his usual popular line. One mistake we noticed, but whether the writer's fault or his we know not which is, the making his language in the greater portion of his rather oratorical dialogue perfectly eloquent, and in other portions ungrammatically vulgar. This character is the ideal of the distress of the agricultural labourer, persecuted and imprisoned for trifles till he becomes a rick-burner, and his sentiments and

sufferings an elaboration of those of Douglas Jerrold's hero in the *Rent-Day*; and thus, like the oppression and misfortunes of the other lower orders, such as the ill-requited portage of *Trotty*, and the ill-paid needlework of *Meg* and *Lillian* (driving the former to suicide and infanticide, similar to the female lately condemned in our criminal courts, and the latter to prostitution), it appeals to the worst passions of the many, without a just and corresponding balance to mitigate the erroneous sense of universal and bitter wrong. Made more salient upon the stage, we must again protest against this contrast. It is not true; and in our endeavours to serve the poor and afflicted, we must ever repeat, the right course is, to uplift them in the scale, and not degrade their superiors by painting them either as fantastic theorists or unrelenting tyrants. Let us expose the follies, and lash the vices; but let us at the same time exemplify the sound wisdom, and do honour to the charitable virtues, which are not so meagrely scattered through the social system. Political economists are amusingly ridiculed in *Filer* (Mr. Lawrence); the "putting down" desire of magistracy equally clever in the person of *Alderman Cuie* (Mr. Wright); and the poor man's father and friend in the pompous, unfeeling dictator-squire, *Sir Joseph Bowley* (Paul Bedford); in which these three performers displayed much humour and ability. The less prominent parts were also well sustained by the actresses who had *Lady Bowley* and the *Lillian* of the last quarter assigned to them, by Mrs. F. Mathews of the small chandler's shop, by Wilkinson as the fat, lazy porter, and others. Possessing so many of the elements of Adelphi popularity—alternately exciting laughter and tears—the piece was much applauded throughout, and will doubtless command a long and prosperous run.

**Covent Garden.**—Jullien's *Bal Masqué* on Monday night was truly a bumper benefit. Every part of the house was filled, and the ball-room (pit and stage) so crowded that the squares and circles for quadrilles and polkas were very confined, and constantly broken in upon. The absence of a few of the plain-dressed would have been an improvement in every respect. Notwithstanding, however, the crowding, good humour and good order generally prevailed. To this the time being so judiciously filled up with spirited music greedily contributed: the recourse to practical jokes for amusement being consequently rare. The fittings up, decorations and lighting, were exceedingly tasteful and liberal; the latter term, we understand, with better than usual, will also characterise the refreshments.

**Madame Gradini's Concert** had gratifying success before a numerous audience at the Princess's Theatre Concert-room. Madame Gradini will be remembered as Miss Graddon: as

\* The whole hint for this facetious alderman has been, as alluded to in our review, suggested by an expression from the city-bench, that by a mean punishment the magistrate had succeeded in causing the attempt, or pretence, at committing suicide to be less common or fashionable than it had been: a conclusion which we believe to be perfectly borne out, and which we consider to be extremely judicious, and founded on an acute view of human nature. We the more regret its being held up in a satirical vein by an author of such power, and whose noble exertions in the cause of humanity have so often demanded our warmest sympathy, and stimulated our humble imitation. Even to be a little wrong in him is a great injury to the best interests of those whose welfare it is the earnest desire of all right-minded and good-feeling men to promote. The satire is too stern and indiscriminating to produce the same excellent effect as the *Christmas Carol* of last year.

our musical English public seems to demand that singers to please, or continue to please, must not only Italianise their music and their voices, but also their names, in this instance the fair *artiste* has certainly added to her established name. The music of the evening was of an unpretending character, and was well performed; Madame G.'s solos were done in good Italian style. Mr. Cohan is becoming one of the most brilliant and spirited of our English gentleman players: and John Parry delighted us with his extraordinary accompaniments; his voice and manner are comical enough, but his piano makes the hearers laugh again; his imitation of the peel of bells, introducing the song of "A wife wanted," and the description of a most miserable morning, are admirably managed.

*The Distins.*—This very clever family performed on their sax-horns, at the St. James's theatre, on Wednesday evening. They played admirably in concert, and with great taste and feeling. The music was varied with the songs and duets of the Misses Smith with excellent effect. The sax-horns appear to be modifications of the trumpet and cornet, having slides and pistons. They are made of silver, and were presented by Louis Philippe to the Distins, whose playing upon them is an original musical treat, and well worth hearing.

*English Plays in Paris.*—*Othello* was the opening play at the Théâtre des Italiens on Monday last, when Macready's *Othello* had a triumphant success, and Miss H. Faucit performed the gentle Desdemona with great applause. Miss Charlotte Maturin, a name of celebrity, and a near relation of the late poet, was the Emilia, and acquitted herself very ably. Paris has seen nothing so like her own *Tolma* as our gifted tragedian since the former left the stage.

*Mr. Lover's* triumph in Scotland has, we see from the Edinburgh and Glasgow newspapers, been almost more triumphant than in England; for the Scotch have a keen relish for Irish humour, and a deep feeling for Irish pathos. His "Mornings" and "Evenings" filled the great Waterloo and Hoptown rooms to overflowing, whenever he appeared; and at Glasgow the same popularity awaited him; and he has been induced to give several more entertainments to each city than he originally proposed. Mr. Lover, observes an Edinburgh critic (echoing an opinion often expressed by us), "is unquestionably a very extraordinary man, author, poet, musician, and artist, a cultivated mind, an acute appreciator both of pathos and humour; with all these qualities he combines the rare art of communicating to his audience the feelings by which he himself is influenced; he holds as it were their hearts in his hand, and can either convulse them with laughter, or send them weeping to their beds," just as the mood may strike him. Nothing surely could be more exquisitely touching, whether as regards the poetry, music, or execution, than his "Angels' whisper;" and we defy the most morose of cynics to resist the broad humour, given as Lover gives it, of the "Cow who ate the piper!" Mr. Lover's voice is not a powerful one, still it is penetrating, and can be easily heard throughout a large room. The great charm of his singing, both serious and comic, is expression. In the former, his whole heart seems to be thrown into the sentiment of the poetry; and in the latter, there is a 'devil-me-carish' rollicking spirit of fun, which is very infectious. When we leave one of Lover's entertainments, we feel that we have got a deeper insight into the mind and character of the warm-hearted and excitable Irishman than whole libraries could give us. There he stands, one of themselves, evidently

touched by the pathos, and tickled by the fun, quite as much as any of his audience; this, we have no doubt, is one of the sources from which he derives the power he possesses over the hearts and feelings of all who listen to him."

*Mr. Wilson*, who never ceases to be a welcome novelty, has also been again delighting his countrymen; and brought together crowded audiences.

*Clara Webster.*—The sad fate of this poor girl has thrown a temporary gloom upon the theatrical world. On Saturday evening her dress caught fire from the lamps when dancing on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, and she was so severely injured that she died between three and four o'clock on Tuesday morning, though her sufferings were alleviated, and every effort made to save her life, by several of the most eminent gentlemen belonging to the medical profession. What renders this lesson the more awful was, the circumstance of this unfortunate creature having only on the Saturday fortnight before made a runaway engagement from the same boards; for which Mr. Bunn had to offer the usual invented apology of *sudden illness*. Her benefit was announced for Monday: a benefit for the Dead. The contradiction is perfectly appalling. Who can look on that gay dramatic scene, the light whirls of the dance, the sportive looks of her late companions, and the voluptuous display of their limbs and gestures, without being forced to reflect upon the scorched and mutilated corpse of the one lost sister, who so recently spread buoyant life, spirit, and gaiety throughout their ranks, and has been so fearfully snatched away from among the light group for ever! Holbein's famous Dance of Death could not be more incongruous and dissonant. Yet we trust, as the proceeds of the night are to be appropriated to her afflicted family, the humane feelings and regrets of the public will be largely approved on the occasion.

*The Complete Concordance to Shakspeare.* By Mrs. Cowden Clarke. London, C. Knight.

SINCE we noticed this publication (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1431), it has proceeded faithfully on its course to Part VIII., which enters upon the letter I, and the celebrated, if not respected, names of the yellow Iachimo and most honest Iago. We have again more fully, as upon a much more extended evidence, to express our hearty approbation of the exemplary painstaking of Mrs. Clarke in the execution of this useful design, for which every lover of Shakspeare—that is to say every reader of intelligence, not only in England, but throughout the civilised world—has reason to thank her.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LIFE IN THE TIMBER; OR, BORDER-SCENES IN AMERICA. BY A SETTLER.

*The Skunks.*

THE family of the Skunks, owing probably to the enervating effects of fever and ague, was limited to Ezekiel Skunk and Euphemia Skunk, now Mrs. Shingle, Ezekiel's "lawfully begotten natral born wife and daughter." Ezekiel Skunk entertained a firm belief in his having had a father and mother; but as to any genealogy beyond, he looked upon it as apocryphal, never having heard tell of either grandfather or grandmother.

Lauritta Skunk was the daughter of a fisherman, whose father was one of many unfortunate people decoyed from Minorca by some speculative characters during the time the British held possession of Florida. These wretched crea-

tures, like the victims of Ephraim Shingle's duplicity, were taught to believe that, on their arrival in the New World, they would find El-Dorado; instead of which they passed into a state of most abject slavery, to whom the lash and chains were extended with the same liberality as to the negroes. In this helpless condition most of them perished.

Lauritta Skunk had a squint—not that slight cast of the eye which at times renders a pretty face more interesting, but a right genuine *bona fide* no-mistake-about squint. One eye was drawn to the outer angle, as if looking behind her; whilst its fellow trenched itself half under the nose. This obliquity of vision, if not absolutely an eye sore, was a sore subject for Ezekiel Skunk. Many a hearty box on the ear has it caused him, for not immediately answering when spoken to by her; and many another for replying when the question was designed for some one else,—Ezekiel having made his calculation upon the wrong eye. Her raven-black hair was worn *en negligé*, excepting on Sundays and saints' days, when there was considerable violence required to restore it to any thing like order. After undergoing a tedious process that might have unravelled the Gordian knot, it was braided with about as much taste as is displayed upon the mane and tail of an English cart-horse. Her skin hung as loosely as did her hair, in colour such as might accrue from an admixture of yellow soap and brick-dust. Lauritta was unsophisticated by art; she disdained the vile restraint of corsets or a high dress. Her bosom—the play-ground of young loves—seemed formed by nature as a retreat for young kangaroos. There was a quietness about the rest of her person; she had a decided objection to any thing like *bustle*. Her foot, which by no means belied the measure, although greatly obscured by earthy particles, was unencumbered by shoe or stocking, excepting on the days aforesaid. Lauritta was pious: she never cut the throat of a pig, or drained the blood of a felled ox, without first crossing herself and emitting the ejaculation, "Vaya con Dios," which also preceded the cuffs bestowed upon the patient Ezekiel, or when she sent her outstretched palm over the dumpling face of the gentle Euphemia, or in the exercise of a weapon now obsolete in England, but still in common use in Spanish countries, over the shoulders of a negro.

"I guess, Larritty," said Ezekiel Skunk, "them hoe-cakes is done." "Espere poco." Ezekiel proceeded forthwith to poke the fire, by which he caused an irruption of gas that threw its blackening influence on the cakes in question. "Vaya con Dios!" and her clenched fives came rattling over the jaws of Ezekiel. The colloquy was here interrupted by sounds of singing in the distance, which wild notes fell sweetly on the ear as they were borne along the smooth water of the river St. John. Still there was a peculiarity in the frequent gusts of high tones that betrayed passion. Whether it arose from an instinctive feeling, or from a prior knowledge of Indian music, is not known; but the Skunks were hushed in solemn silence—not a feature denoted any other feeling than fear.

A hostile disposition had already manifested itself among the Seminole Indians, who were suffering under a renewal of wrongs exercised towards them by their white neighbours, among whom the Skunk family had been conspicuous. If a white man lost a horse, a cow, or a hog, it was attributed to Indians; and reprisals were sure to be exacted. The Indian had no redress, as his word would not be taken in a court



of justice against the white man's oath. Thus when a squatter lost an animal of any kind, and often when he lost none, did several unite to plunder the patient Seminole. It is but justice to call them patient; for their endurance of oppression and fraud, heaped upon them by their white neighbours, has been wonderful, when we take into consideration their indomitable spirit in war.

As the Indian canoe rounded the point, the singing became more distinct and less harmonious, save when the single tenor voice of the youthful steersman poured forth, in the soft cadence of love, words relating to his sylvan home, which would be replied to by the rowers in a burst of feeling indicative of revenge. The rowers were twelve in number; they wore no other dress than a small skirt around their hips; their bodies were painted vermilion; their heads were shaved, all but a small portion at the crown, the remaining long hair was neatly fastened by a sort of comb, made of bone, affixed to which was a tuft of feathers of various colours. Each of these men had by his side a bow and arrows and a war-spear. Their muscular frames were now seen bending with energy as their light bark clove the unrippled stream.

The canoe was steered by a young chief of rare manly beauty. Foschatti was about twenty-five years old, tall and well-proportioned; his face perfectly Grecian, bland, dignified, and placid. At a glance was discerned heroism and bravery; every movement betokened magnanimity, pride, and independence. His complexion was olive-red, that contrasted well with his glossy black hair, hanging in profusion down his back, reflecting to the sun a lustre like that of the raven. His costume consisted of a diadem tastefully decorated with pearls and rare stones, and the feathered skins of humming-birds, which at every motion displayed hues of the most gorgeous description; two eagle-feathers in front completed his head-dress. Round his neck he wore several strings of beads, from which was suspended over a scarlet vest several large silver crescents or gorgets. He wore a tunic of spotted fawn's skins, so neatly stitched together that the whole had the appearance of one, which was confined to his body with a girdle elaborately worked with pearls, beads, and minute sea-shells; broad bracelets of similar manufacture to the belt ornamented his bare arms. The tunic was edged with fur, and at each corner was a beautiful and rare shell. In front he wore a pouch similar to the phibbeg, of the ancient Highlander; his lower extremities were covered with dressed deer-skin, ornamented at the outer seam by a double row of beads. At his side he wore a tomahawk, the handle of which was inlaid with gold, set with pearls, amethysts, and rubies; in his beautiful, delicately-formed hand, such as the most consummate aristocrat might envy, he carried a small rifle, ornamented in a similar manner to the tomahawk. Thus equipped, standing on a small platform or poop of his war-canoe, did Foschatti look the *beau idéal* of a hero.\*

No sooner had the boat touched the shore than he bounded from the bow, and marched with monarch tread to the dwelling of Ezekiel Skunk, who received him with most obsequious respect, at the same time trembling with fear. Foschatti seemed not to notice any thing animate or inanimate, but stood for some time in deep thought before the door of the log-hut. At length he addressed some words to one of

his warriors, who entered the dwelling and brought out two rifles and powder-horns.

Lauritta gazed at both of them, but to say at which individually would be impossible. Euphemia squatted down in one corner of the room, making violent preparation for death; her husband, Lemuel Shingle, was at the time occupied at some distance splitting timber. After having satisfied himself with what arms and ammunition he could find, the features of Foschatti began to unbend, and a playful devil seemed lurking in his eye, and around the corner of his mouth, as he turned to the affrighted Ezekiel and demanded of him certain cows and horses which he knew honest Mr. Skunk had *drew* from the Indian's lands. "May I be tarnally, teetotally, doddarned, spificated, smashed, ripped, expluncified," with every other expression he could think of in the potential mood, did he protest that he had never *know'd* nothen about um. The protestation, however cogent, did not satisfy the young chief: he ordered Ezekiel to stand against a tree for immediate execution. In vain did the hapless squatter intreat for mercy; he was in a *bad fix*, but at length made up his mind to meet death upon the easiest terms, and took his station. At the sight of which the eyes of Lauritta Skunk became like coals of fire; with all the feeling of a she-wolf she crossed, and with "Vaya con Dios" sprang at the throat of Foschatti. Although he could not have been prepared for so sudden and violent an attack from the fair Lauritta, yet did Foschatti not betray the least evidence of surprise or anger, but patiently awaited in her grip until two of his warriors disengaged and held her whilst he proceeded with his mode of punishing her husband. Taking a distance of two hundred paces, he levelled his rifle and fired. The ball carried off the top of the ear, and the report carried off the senses, of Ezekiel Skunk, who fell to the earth.

Lauritta, now liberated, seized the body of her husband, which she proceeded carefully to examine. Finding no other wound upon him, she had recourse to her usual method of rousing the attention of Ezekiel—"Vaya con Dios," and the accompanying rattle over the jaws. Mr. Skunk was forthwith restored to life, although not to reason; for conceiving himself in another world, he fixed his eyes in horror upon his spouse, and exclaimed, "What made the red varmints send ye arter me here."

[To be continued.]

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### TORQUATO TASSO.

[Torquato Tasso, one of the most celebrated poets that Italy ever produced, was born at Sorrento in 1544. His works shew him to have been a philosopher, an orator, a logician, a critic, and a poet, excelling in every kind of composition. While he was at the court of Alfonso, duke of Ferrara, he incurred that prince's anger by his passion for the Princess Leonora of Este, his patron's sister; and being somewhat disordered in his intellects, he was ungenerously shut up in a madhouse for seven years, where he underwent the most illiberal treatment. Tasso himself says that every rigour and inhumanity it is possible to conceive were practised towards him. The remonstrances of several Italian princes at length procured his release; and when Cardinal Aldobrandini ascended the papal chair by the name of Clement VIII. he invited him to Rome, resolving to confer upon him the laureate crown in the Capitol. While, however, the preparations were going on for this ceremony with the greatest magnificence and pomp—promising to be the most splendid pageant beheld in Italy for centuries—Tasso was taken ill, and died, in 1585.]

"TWAS in the minstrel clime of Italy,  
The hour which marries twilight to the stars;  
When Memory speaks to Beauty, and the air  
Seems languishing for silence: at that hour,  
Beside a classic fount, whose broken arch

Portray'd the poet's fortune, Tasso slept.  
The dying day oft through the parted clouds  
Shot sudden gleams, and o'er the slumberer's cheek,  
Now light, now shadow swept; and haply these  
Might touch or influence the poet's dream;  
For, as he said, two spirits sought his side,  
And each alternate pictured to his mind  
Visions immortal. *Fame and Truth* were they,  
And thus address'd the poet's slumbering ear:

#### SPIRIT OF FAME.

It is the voice of Fame  
Which greets thee on her flight;  
The star that shall illumine thy name  
Now trembles into light.  
Around thee glories wait  
In long triumphal line:  
The classic throne, its crown and state,  
Laurel and lyre, are thine.  
Thrill, soul of song, with fire!  
Pour, heart of love, thy lay!  
Hopes that immortal minds inspire  
Shed triumph on thy way.  
The eternal hours prolong  
The music of thy name;  
Wake, Tasso, wake! thou heir of song!  
It is the voice of Fame.

#### SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

Avoid that syren voice,  
Shun the betrayer's tongue;  
When did the laurel e'er rejoice  
One victim heart of song?  
Soar thou the topmost height,  
Attain the classic leaf,  
But know the hours of loftiest flight  
Are e'er the most brief.  
Go, waste thy bloom of years  
To grace a monarch's state;  
And nourish Fame's frail flowers with tears,  
And learn repentance late!  
Go, court the vain of earth,  
Seek praise from beauty's eyes;  
Then learn how little is the worth  
Of that thy soul did prize!

#### SPIRIT OF FAME.

Oh, charm'd thy lyre shall be,  
And fill'd with power to move  
The loftiest minds to chivalry,  
The noblest hearts to love;  
And they, on whose renown  
A nation's shouts attend,  
Shall be the first thy lyre to crown,  
The first to call thee friend.  
The tournament and feast,  
The banquet and the ball,  
These of thine honours shall be least,  
Thy fame transcend them all.  
The proud and princely throng  
Shall worship at thy shrine,  
Assert the sovereignty of song,  
And own its gifts divine.

#### SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

Oh, fickle is the breath  
Of popular acclaim,  
And purchased only but by death  
Is an illustrious name.  
Fame, like the rainbow's glow,  
Is but the type of tears;  
And glory's harvest, like the snow,  
Dissolves and disappears.  
The envy and the scorn,  
The penalty and pain—  
Oh, better hadst thou ne'er been born  
Than wake the poet's strain.  
That voice doth but deceive;  
Avoid ambition's goal,  
Nor let the fire of fancy leave  
Its ashes on thy soul.

#### SPIRIT OF FAME.

Great Rome shall hail thee son!  
Link'd with the glorious twain,  
With triumphs Ariosto won,  
With Dante's matchless strain;  
For unto thee are given  
The thoughts that angels breathe;  
And Tasso's song of Heaven  
The light of hosts shall wreath.  
The loveliest of the land,  
The high-born and the young,  
Shall deem it fame to kiss the hand  
That wrote Jerusalem's song.  
Shake off this soulless thrall,  
And arm for victory's field.  
When beauty, love, and glory call,  
Can Tasso's spirit yield?

#### SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

Hark! 'tis the captive's shriek,  
A voice that loads the air  
With wrongs too terrible to speak,  
With madness and despair.

\* To prove that this description of costume is not exaggerated, see Bartiam's *Travels in Florida*, p. 501.

It tells of genius lost,  
Of beauty unattain'd,  
Of love pursued at reason's cost,  
Of glory sunk and stain'd.

Dimm'd is that noble mind  
That wing'd to heaven its flight;  
The frenzied eyes, far worse than blind,  
Blaze with delirious light.  
That hand the Muse inspired  
'Gainst phantom-horror scrives,  
Now starts from hell's imagined fires,  
Now flees the maniac's gyves.

## SPIRIT OF FAME.

The imperial streets resound,  
Rome's banners wave on high,  
And garlands belt the classic ground,  
As though a king swept by.

The hero-bard ascends  
His coronation-throne;  
And, hark! is that a shout which rends  
Those oracles of stone?

The choral voices float  
In hymns of joy and praise,  
Cittern, and lyre, and clarion-note,  
Their lofty triumph raise;  
The Capitoline throng  
With music sound thy name;  
Wake, Tasso, wake! thou heir of song!  
It is the voice of Fame.

## SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

By St. Onofrio's shrine  
Dark sounds of grief arise;  
And weeping eyes in woe decline  
Where a dying minstrel lies.  
Ah, what are shows or state  
To that pale drooping head?  
The tardy triumph comes too late  
Which comes to crown the dead.  
Can Rome's proud chaplets now  
One need of grace impart?  
Can Fame relieve the anguish'd brow,  
Or bind the broken heart?  
With misery rack'd and bow'd  
Illustrious Tasso lies;  
And what avail the applauding crowd,  
Or shouts that read the skies?

And is't for this reward  
Thou'lt spend thy soul's rich power?  
Alas, unhappy bard,  
Thine is a fatal dower!  
Yet when were hearts e'er found  
By Fame's proud breath unstirr'd?  
Woe that delusion should be crown'd,  
And truth so little heard!

CHARLES SWAIN.

## VARIETIES.

*Dr. Wolff* has arrived at Teheran, and was expected at Erzeroum about the end of November. He is represented to be in a very nervous state owing to his travel and anxieties.

*Paper Manufacturing.*—The injuries to which this important branch of manufacture is exposed, the unequal pressure to which it is subjected, the heavy duties levied upon it, the want of protection afforded it, the inoperative stringency of excise supervision as regards the dishonesty, while it harasses the honest manufacturer, together with other concomitant evils, were brought under public notice on Thursday, by a meeting at which Mr. Dickinson (the eminent stationer) was called to the chair. Resolutions were moved by Sir W. Magray and others; and a committee appointed to obtain the consideration of parliament on the subject; and procure, if possible, as justice and true commercial principles require, a remedy for these wrongs, which are individually oppressive and nationally hurtful.

*The Frescoes in East Wickham Church*, of which we have frequently spoken, must, it seems, yield their ancient remains to modern vandalism, in spite of the endeavours of the Bishop of Rochester and the Archaeological Society to save them. The party who has a right to stick up a monument over them perseveres in asserting it: few men, we think, would wish so to perpetuate their disgrace. His *exegi*

will be no boast. But even the vestiges which appear through the whitewash in other parts of the church, are they also to be destroyed or allowed to perish, where no title to cover them up is claimed?

*Strasburg Cathedral.*—Dangers threaten the church every where. The steeple of Strasburg Cathedral is stated to have swerved more than six feet from its perpendicular within a short period, and threatens (irremediably) to fall on the heads of the people.

*The Royal Library at Paris.*—The *Journal des Débats* mentions that it is in contemplation to remove the Royal Library from its present locality in the Rue de Richelieu to the Quai Malaquais, between the Rue de Petits Augustins and the Rue de Saint Péres, near to the National Institute, and not far from the Tuileries. When we consider the vast importance of the treasures in art and literature contained in this great receptacle, its books, its manuscripts, its engravings (in hardly any department second to the most valuable and extensive in the world), and also their ready and liberal access to all seekers, we rejoice at their transport to a safer abode than the enormous wooden pile of the palace of Cardinal Richelieu, where any accident from fire would be so irreparably disastrous. The expense is estimated at two millions of francs. The *Opera House*, it is also stated, must necessarily be removed to another site.

*Gigantic Fossil.*—It is stated—but we know not if on sufficient geological authority—that the carcass of an enormous fossil crocodile has been found near Bonn, which appears, from the conformation of its scales, to differ from all known species of the Nile, Ganges, or New World rivers.

*Catacombs in the Isle of Milos.*—Above a thousand tombs, excavated in the volcanic tufa of this island, have recently been discovered. They are said to belong to the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th centuries, and to be covered with Greek and Roman inscriptions. The majority appear to have been opened and ransacked.

*Australian Vegetation.*—Mr. Ind, the market-gardener, having found some of his cauliflowers (of this season) too large for many of his customers, has resorted to the novel expedient of retailing them in halves and quarters.—*Adelaide Observer.*

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*In the Press.*—Vacation-Rambles and Thoughts; comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours in the Vacations of 1841, 42, and 43, by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of the North American Indians, and Adventures of the Early Settlers in America, by Barbara Hawes, 12mo, 6s.—Life and Adventures of Jack of the Mill; a Fireside Story, by Wm. Howitt, 2d edit., 2 vols. 12mo, 12s.—Otto Speckter's Fable-Book, translated by Mary Howitt, 2d edit., sq. 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Views of Canada and the Colonies, by a Four Years' Resident, 1840, 4s. 6d.—Rudiments of Greek Grammar, by J. Groves, 12mo, 3s.—New and Easy Plan of Chronology, 4to, 12s.—The Sabbath Companion, by the Rev. T. Dale, Second Series, 12mo, 6s. 6d.—History and Antiquities of the Abbey of Furness, by T. A. Beck, royal 4to, 7l. 7s.—An Inquiry concerning the Eternity of Future Punishment, 12mo, 2s.—Démocratie de l'École Légation, by B. Shilleto, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Burton's Law of Real Property, 6th edit., by Cooper, 8vo, 24s.—Home-Treasury: Bible Events, Third Series, with 4 Pictures, by A. Durer, square, 2s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.—Brallaghan; or, the Deipnosophists, by E. Kenealy, 7s. 6d.—The Law of Party-Walls and Fences, by H. W. Woolrych, 8vo, 12s.—The Criminal Law and its Sentences, by P. Burke, corrected to the Present Time, sq. 8s.—Jubilee Services of the London Missionary Society, held in Sept. 1844, 8vo, 3s. 6d.—Nuts and Nutcrackers, illustrated by Phiz, 7s. 6d.—Life as it is; a Second Series of Tales, by Mrs. Paxton, 8vo, 5s.—The People's

Music-Book: Secular Music, 12s.; Sacred, 12s.; and Psalm-Tunes, 8s.—Bokhara; its Amir and its People, from the Russian of Khankoff, translated by Baron de Bode, 8vo, 12s.—Triumph of the Cross: Tales of Christian Heroism, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, 18mo, 2s.—The Englishman's Library, Vol. 28, English Monachism, by the Rev. S. Fox, 1cp. 5s.—Sermons on the Festivals, by Rev. J. Armstrong, 12mo, 6s.—Bp. Andrews's Devotions, translated, 7s.—The Conquest of Scinde, by Major-Gen. W. F. P. Napier, Part I. 8vo, 8s.—Strathern, by the Countess of Blessington, 4 vols. post 8vo, 2l. 2s.—Adventures of an Officer in the Service of Runjeet Singh, by Major Lawrence, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—Redemption in Israel, by M. A. S. Barber, 1cp. 6s.—The Poetical Book of Fate, 1cp. 1s. 6d.—Life at Full Length; a Novel, by Mark Merrivane, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Two Apprentices, by Mary Howitt, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—My Own Story, by Mary Howitt, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—The Nature, Grounds, and Claims, of Christian Humility, by the Rev. H. Edwards, D.D., 4p. 4s. 6d.—Thoughts on the Apocalypse, by W. B. Newton, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—The Church in the Navy and Army, New Series, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Reality of the Influence of the Holy Spirit, by the late J. Jamieson, 12mo, 6s.—Biblical Monuments, New Series, Vol. III. Hengstenberg on the Monuments of Egypt, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Treatises on the Offices of Christ, by the late G. Stevenson, D.D., 2d edit. 8vo, 8s.—Life of the Rev. H. Martyn, 15th edit., 1cp. 6s.—Letters of the Rev. H. Martyn, new edition, 1cp. 6s.—Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine and Surgery, Vol. X., 12mo, 5s. 6d.—Lethes, and other Poems, by Sophia Woodroffe, edited by the Rev. G. Faber, 1cp. 5s.—Tales of Simple Interest, at 31 per cent, by H. Brown, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Punch's Sandragons, 8vo, 3s. 6d.—Foreign Library, Vol. X. Tales from the German, 8vo, 11s.—The Mysteries of Paris, by Eugene Sue, imp. 8vo, illustrated, 18s.—Grammar of the Cree Language, by J. Howse, 8vo, 9s. 6d.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1844.

Dec.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . 12	From 28 to 31	29.63 to 29.52
Friday . 13	" 25 " 29	29.34 " 29.24
Saturday . 14	" 29 " 30	29.18 " 29.23
Sunday . 15	" 31 " 30	29.29 " 29.22
Monday . 16	" 36 " 39	29.10 " 29.09
Tuesday . 17	" 37 " 42	29.09 " 29.16
Wednesday . 18	" 39 " 43	29.29 " 29.54

Wind N.E., except on the 13th, when E.: general cloud, except about one hour before noon on the 15th, when the sun shone; a little snow fell on the afternoon of the 14th; and nearly '06 of an inch of rain fell on the morning of the 16th.

Edmonton. Latitude, 51° 37' 32" north.  
Longitude, 3° 51' west of Greenwich.

## DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1844.	h. m. s.	1844.	h. m. s.
Dec. 21 .	11 58 33.1	Dec. 25 .	12 0 32.6
22 .	59 3.0	26 .	1 1 2.4
23 .	59 32.9	27 .	1 32.0
24 .	12 0 2.8		

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge and thank the publishers for the *Prince's Almanac*.

We have neither time nor space to notice (as we ought) the meeting—Lord John Russell presiding—and the subscription opened in London for the relief of Father Mathew.

A. B. Z. is thanked for his communication; but we cannot publish it on anonymous authority. The MS. will be left as desired.

ERRATUM.—At p. 796, col. 3, for Viscount Messereene read Massereene.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Injunction.

## SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.

41 DORSET STREET, Dec. 18, 1844.

MR. MOXON having instituted Proceedings in Chancery against James Cornish, of Middle Row, Holborn, Bookseller; CHARLES DART, of 7, Greville Street, Hutton Garden, Bookseller; for publishing and selling Pirated Editions of the Copyright Poems of the late P. B. SHELLEY; and His Honour the Vice-Chancellor of England having granted Injunctions to restrain such piratical Publications, Mr. Moxon thinks it proper to apprise the Trade thereof; and to give notice, that every person who may sell, or expose for sale, any Copies or Copy of either of such Publications, will be subject to have the like proceedings taken against him.

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